

The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL 35

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1902.

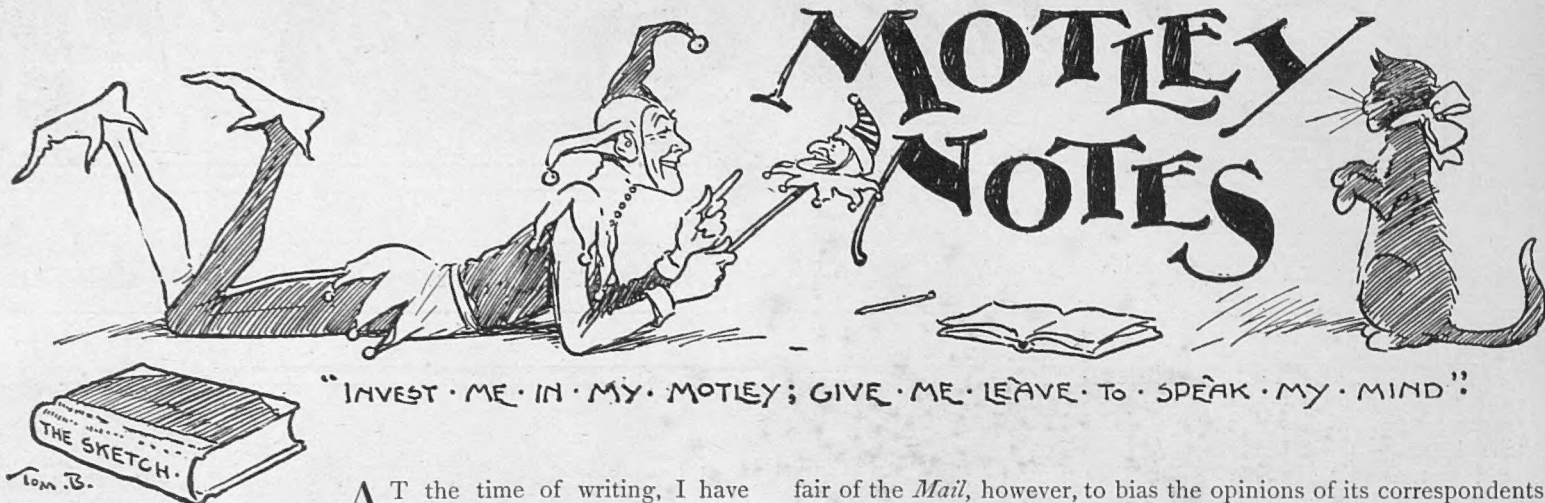
SIXPENCE.



A HISTORIC PICTURE.

KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN THEIR CORONATION ROBES.

Photographed on Coronation Day by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



AT the time of writing, I have not the least idea what "Monocle," my calm and collected brother-in-ink, thought of "Chance, the Idol," the new play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones at Wyndham's Theatre. For myself, however, I make bold to say that I was keenly interested throughout the whole of the four Acts. First of all, I was interested in the workmanship; in every phrase, in every point of construction, in every incident, one could detect the hand of an accomplished playwright. Perhaps this side of the thing struck me all the more forcibly by reason of the poor, feeble sort of stuff that we have had put before us of late with exasperating frequency. In the second place, I was delighted with the acting. Mr. H. V. Esmond was nothing short of excellent; the spirit of Charles Wyndham seemed to have remained in the theatre and to be animating this very gifted young actor. If Mr. Esmond remains faithful to his first love, I feel sure that he will step into the shoes that Sir Charles Wyndham has worn, and still wears, to the delight of the public and to his own honour. Miss Lena Ashwell was very, very good; sometimes she got on my nerves a little, but she is a specialist in nervous parts and has the ability to make her audience feel with her. Mr. Graham Browne had the most difficult and the most thankless part in the play, and played it very well.

In the third place, I was interested in the clever characterisation. Every character in the piece is well drawn; every part "acts." I heard people, during the intervals on the first-night, talking about artificiality and so forth. Well, I admit that some of the scenes are highly coloured, that the people in the play show a good deal more feeling than people do in real life; I do not, however, quarrel with the author for that. For stage purposes, he has invented a dramatic story, given it a romantic setting, and peopled it with interesting, somewhat unusual characters. Had he done otherwise, we should have abused him roundly for writing an exceedingly dull play. As I have already mentioned in these columns, I am not a dramatic critic, and really, when I come to see how saddening a thing is a little theatrical knowledge, I am inclined—with all due apologies to my good friend "Monocle," upon whose preserves I have been poaching so abominably—to be uncommonly glad of it.

I am pleased that Sir Edward Russell commented forcibly on the morals of Lord Quex, not because I agree with him that the little man was an out-and-out blackguard, but for the more selfish reason that, when two nimble-witted gentlemen indulge in a newspaper controversy, it makes such jolly reading to take with one's breakfast coffee. I could have wished that Sir Edward's wits had been a little more nimble, and that Mr. Pinero had written his letters in a lighter and more tolerant vein. However, one must not discourage other people from entering the arena of the *Times* columns by criticising the present literary gladiators too severely. It is far better, I hasten to point out, that differences of opinion should be settled through the medium of a newspaper than dragged through a Court of Law. To begin with, there are no lawyers; again, each man is his own counsel; finally, the number of the jury is unlimited.

I see that the *Daily Mail* is taking advantage of Mr. Max Pemberton's condemnation of professional football to run a column of correspondence on this dear old subject. I do not think it is quite

fair of the *Mail*, however, to bias the opinions of its correspondents by heading the column "The Curse of Football." I cannot help thinking that "Is Football a Curse?" would have been better, not only from the point of view of business, but also in view of the fact that both the *Mail* and her half-sister, the *Evening News*, have found football a very valuable subject from an editorial point of view. To turn to the question itself, I cannot see why anybody should work himself up into a state of excitement because the lower classes are addicted to watching football matches. It is all very well to say that they ought to play themselves instead of watching other people play, but it is not everybody who has the ability to play football. You might as well blame those of us who go to the theatre because we do not, instead of watching the performances of hired mummery, act ourselves. I suspect that both the art of football and the art of acting would soon come to an end if there were no spectators.

By the time these lines are at the mercy of my readers, I shall be away from London Town, enjoying the breezes and revelling in the delights of Somewhere-or-other. I am sorry that I cannot be more explicit, but, to tell the honest truth, I have not the least idea where I am going. I suppose I shall know before I start, but, at present, it might be one of three places. My first idea was to journey northwards to a small town on the Yorkshire coast. Here I should have walked, and bathed, and cycled, and sat in the sun, and generally have acquired the usual amount of health in the usual way. I had almost decided upon this scheme when a plausible man I know invited me to spend my holiday in a lonely cottage on a beautiful heath, where, by day, the air was filled with the scent of sun-steeped heather, and, by night, cooling mists rose up from the virgin turf to kiss the moonlit rushes and the sleepy sheaves. I said that sounded awfully jolly, but could I get my daily paper regularly? He assured me that I could, and I had almost decided to accept his offer when another individual mentioned, quite casually, that, for his part, he was going to Biarritz, by way of Boulogne, Paris, and Bordeaux. Would I care to go with him? Now, dear reader, you will be able to appreciate my present state of mind. Next week, if you care to hear, I will tell you where I am.

When I return, I mean to run up to Manchester for a night and see the revival of "As You Like It," at the Prince's Theatre. I am sure I *shall* like it, for the cast, so far as the leading players are concerned, is a most admirable one. Gerald Lawrence should make a picturesque and graceful Orlando; Holbrook Blinn is the very man to play Jaques; and Courtice Pounds, our foremost actor-singer, is sure to be a richly humorous Touchstone. The specially prepared little brochure that has been forwarded to me from Manchester is quite an artistic and literary gem. It only needs to be put into satin covers and tied up with a bow to form a genuinely "handsome souvenir." The one fault I have to find with this booklet is that it doesn't give much information about the present production. So far as I can gather from unofficial sources, however, it seems that the play is to be run for twelve weeks. I congratulate Manchester playgoers both on the enterprise of the promoters and their own good taste. It would seem that, despite the growlings of some pessimists, the North of England is not as yet entirely given over to the bestial recreation of watching football matches.

Chicost

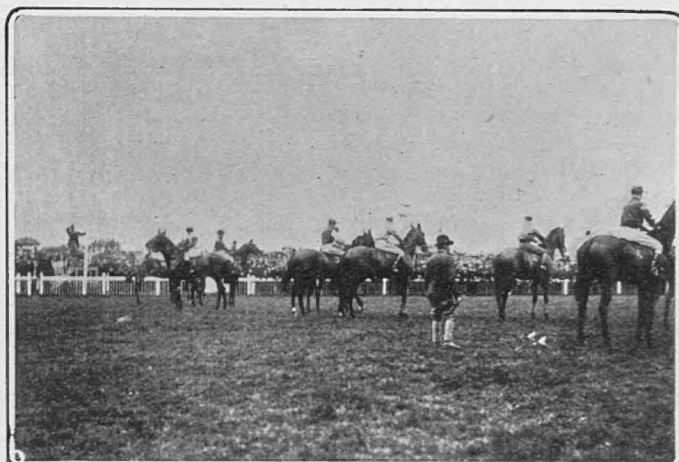
THE ST. LEGER

SOME INTERESTING RECORDS OF SCEPTRE'S YEAR.

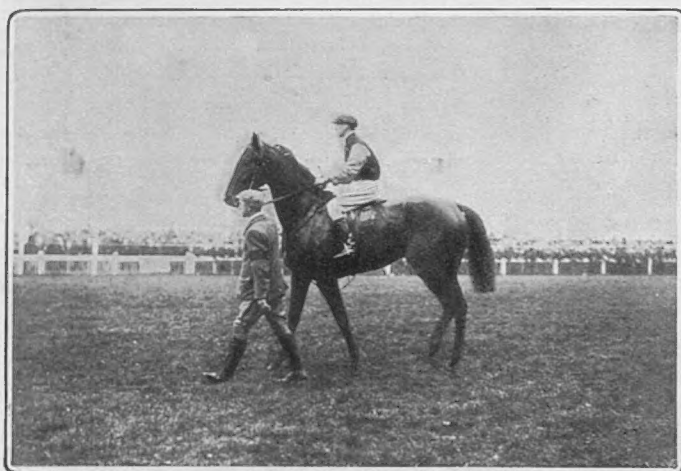
(See "*The World of Sport.*")



THE PARADE.



AT THE START.



SCEPTRE (HARDY UP), WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER.



FINISH OF CHAMPAGNE STAKES: ROCK SAND WINS.



THE RINGS AND COURSE.



A STUDY IN UMBRELLAS.

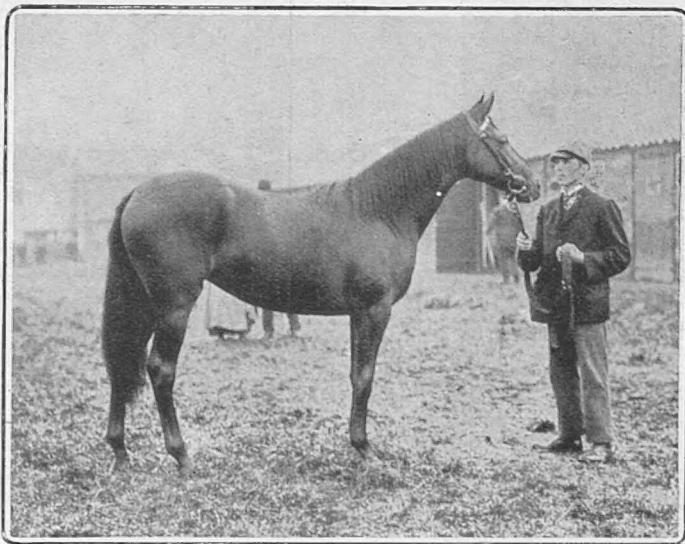
THE CLUBMAN.

Mr. St. John Brodrick's Uniform—Montebello Champagne—Shamrock III.—Duelling in the Italian Army.

THE most-noticed man at the German Manœuvres was Mr. St. John Brodrick, for amongst the foreign officers all wearing gorgeous uniform he was the one plainly dressed figure, being always clad in khaki. This suit of mud-colour puzzled all the onlookers immensely, and some of them came to the conclusion that it was a fancy-dress, but it was nothing of the kind. It was the uniform of the Surrey Yeomanry, of which Mr. Brodrick is the Colonel. I trust I am not divulging a State secret in telling the world that Colonel Brodrick had his uniform especially made for the occasion. Our Yeomen pride themselves on being more useful than showy nowadays, and we have become quite used to the appearance of khaki on parade, but the Germans have not. The colour is used for the fighting garments of their Colonial troops, and some of their Generals appeared in the uniform during the Manœuvres, in order that the Kaiser might see how it looked on an officer; but a foreign Minister of War in such a very plain fighting-kit seems strange to foreign eyes, and our Teutonic friends have taken their ideas as to how a British Yeomanry officer should be clothed from Lord Lonsdale, who is also attending the Manœuvres. Lord Lonsdale designed the officers' full-dress of his Yeomanry, and it is the most gorgeous in Great Britain, and, I should fancy, in Europe as well, though the officers of the Hungarian Hussars of the

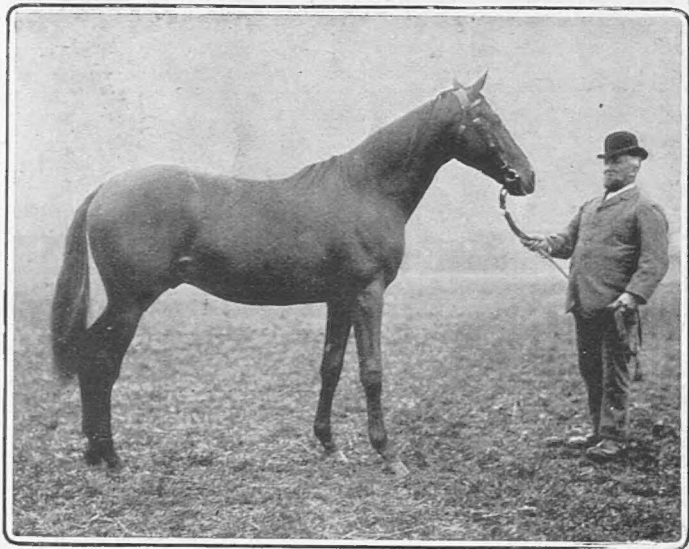
leaves or masts or sails to carry off the precious trophy, if they can help it, and not only is the New York Yacht Club stirring itself to secure a new defender, but Boston is once more asserting its right to sail for the Cup if the town of cod and beans can build a better boat than New York can. Mr. Burgess, the son of the designer of *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer*, has been in England looking at our boat-building yards, and it is possible that, when he returns to the other side of the Atlantic, he may try whether he can design something even swifter than the Herreshoffs are able to.

I am glad to see that in Italy a stand is being made by the authorities against duelling in the Army. This, of course, could not be done without the thorough approval of the King, and I hear, on what is likely to be very good authority, that on this matter the King of Italy and the Kaiser think exactly alike, but that the weight of military opinion in Germany is so strongly on the side of the duel being left as a final appeal in cases where honour is concerned that the Emperor cannot move as decidedly in the matter as the King can. What the Kaiser's feeling is was shown by the summary punishment meted out to the officers who thought that the occasion of the liberation from military confinement of an officer imprisoned for having killed a comrade in a duel could be made an occasion for a demonstration in favour of duelling. In Italy, the Minister of War has, with the Sovereign's approval, punished all the senior officers of the 60th Regiment of Infantry, two Captains of which recently fought a duel. The Colonel of the regiment has been suspended, the Lieutenant-Colonel sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment, two



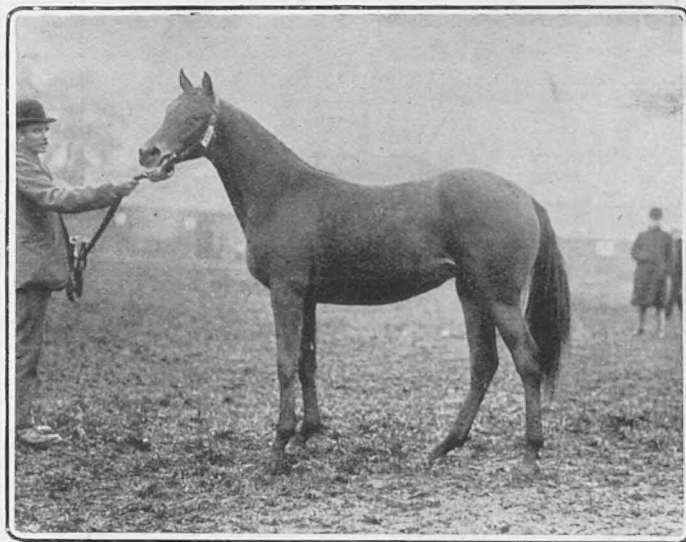
KING'S FAVOUR.

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BAY FILLY BY ORME—PLAISANTERIE.

Sold to Mr. W. T. Robinson for 3000 Guineas.

THE BLOOD-STOCK SALES AT DONCASTER: THREE HORSES THAT FETCHED ENORMOUS PRICES.

Guard may run him close. His uniform is the old Hussar dress with the hanging-coat, such a uniform as the Hussars of Napoleon's bodyguard used to wear, and it is covered with gold lace.

I fancy that the Marquis de Montebello, the French Ambassador to St. Petersburg, who has been recalled, and whose approaching return to his own country has caused such a stir in the smooth waters of diplomacy, is better known in this country by his champagne than by the reports of his statesmanship. Montebello was one of the wines poured out lavishly when the Czar visited France, and it was a great cup of this particular brand of champagne which the Mayor of Rheims presented to the Czarina when he bade her welcome to the City of the Grape. The Czar will probably be given some other brand of champagne to drink when next he visits France.

Sir Thomas Lipton is going to add the third leaf to his *Shamrock*—if no other British yachtsman challenges for the America Cup—and hopes that the new boat with which he is going to compete may bring him luck. I hope so too, but I would beg to suggest to the genial and persevering Knight that, if he wants his new boat to be especially lucky, he should skip one number and add the fourth leaf to his *shamrock* by christening his new boat the *Four-leaved Shamrock*. The Americans do not intend to allow a *Shamrock* of any number of

Majors to ten days' imprisonment, and four Captains, who acted as seconds, to three months' detention in a fortress. The challenger has been expelled from the Army and his antagonist sent to a fortress. This is radical enough, in all conscience, and, if persisted in, should make duelling in Italy as out-of-date as it is in England.

THE DONCASTER SALES.

Last Thursday proved the chief day of the Doncaster yearling sales, and Mr. Somerville Tattersall's Ring was crowded with eager buyers and scarcely less interested onlookers. The record price was fetched by King's Favour, a filly by Persimmon—Phantassie, which was bought by John Porter for the Duke of Westminster for the enormous sum of 5600 guineas. Another of Mr. J. Simons Harrison's lot, namely, His Majesty, was bought by Mr. George Lambton for 3100 guineas, and the filly by Royal Hampton—Stirrup Cup fetched 3000 guineas. After the last two of Mr. Harrison's yearlings had failed to make their reserves, he was left with the tremendous total of 14,970 guineas for eight lots. Sir Tatton Sykes' youngsters also provoked some sensational bidding, a colt by Isinglass—La Flèche being bought by Sir J. Thursby for 3000 guineas, a filly by Orme—Plaisanterie by Mr. W. T. Robinson for a like sum, and Sir Blundell Maple secured the filly by St. Simon—Marchioness for 2400 guineas.



MR. CHARLES JARROTT,

HOLDER OF THE WORLD'S KILOMÈTRE MOTOR RECORD, ON HIS SEVENTY HORSE-POWER PANHARD.

Photographed for "The Sketch." (See "The Man on the Car.")

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MOTOR-CARS IN THE ARMY.

THE trials of motor-lorries for Army service held recently were
eminently successful, but the addendum to the Committee's
report possessed more significance to motor-men than even that
document itself. In carrying out the tests, the members travelled in
motor-cars, and they desired to bring to special notice the incidental
demonstration afforded by these trials of the great possibilities of the
motor for Staff work, and that the distances easily covered by the
motors without fatigue to the officers engaged would have necessitated
large relays of riding-horses, while the speed would have been beyond
their capabilities. Therefore the proposal of Lieutenant Mark
Mayhew, of the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry, to form a permanent
corps of Automobile Volunteers was favourably received by the War
Office, and Mr. Mayhew obtained sanction to proceed at once, so that
the force may be in working order before the War Office Committee
appointed by the Secretary of State meets next month to decide upon
various details. The photograph reproduced herewith shows cars
belonging to members of the new corps, namely, Lieutenant Mayhew,
Mr. H. H. Marks, Mr. S. F. Edge, Mr. Cordingley Crampton, and the
Hon. C. S. Rolls. In the cars are seated Earl Roberts, Major
Sherston, A.D.C., General Kelly-Kenny, General Sir Leslie Rundle,
Colonel Maxwell Hyslop, Colonel Collings, Colonel Smith Reuse, and
others, on their way to make a tour of inspection of Shorncliffe Camp,
the Hythe School of Musketry, and the camp at Lydd.

Prince Victor Napoleon has been on a visit to this country (writes
a correspondent). He stayed at first with the Empress Eugénie at
Farnborough, in Surrey. On leaving there he went to Scotland to stay
with M. Achille Fould, the only French subject, to the best of my
knowledge, who rents a British deer-forest. Presumably Prince
Victor Napoleon has exercised his skill by now upon some of the
"antlered monarchs of the waste," for Invermark, which is near
Breachin, in Forfarshire, is, perhaps, the finest forest in the county,
and yields nearly one hundred stags in a good season. There are
some twenty thousand acres of forest and about half as much of
grouse-moor, stretching into Aberdeenshire and yielding splendid
sport. The owner of this sporting estate is the Earl of Dalhousie, who
owns much of the best shooting in Forfarshire. By the way, I was
talking, a few days ago, with a sportsman who estimated the number of
stags taken in a good year in Scotland and the Scottish islands at very
little less than five thousand, and the rental value of the deer-forests
at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds a-year.

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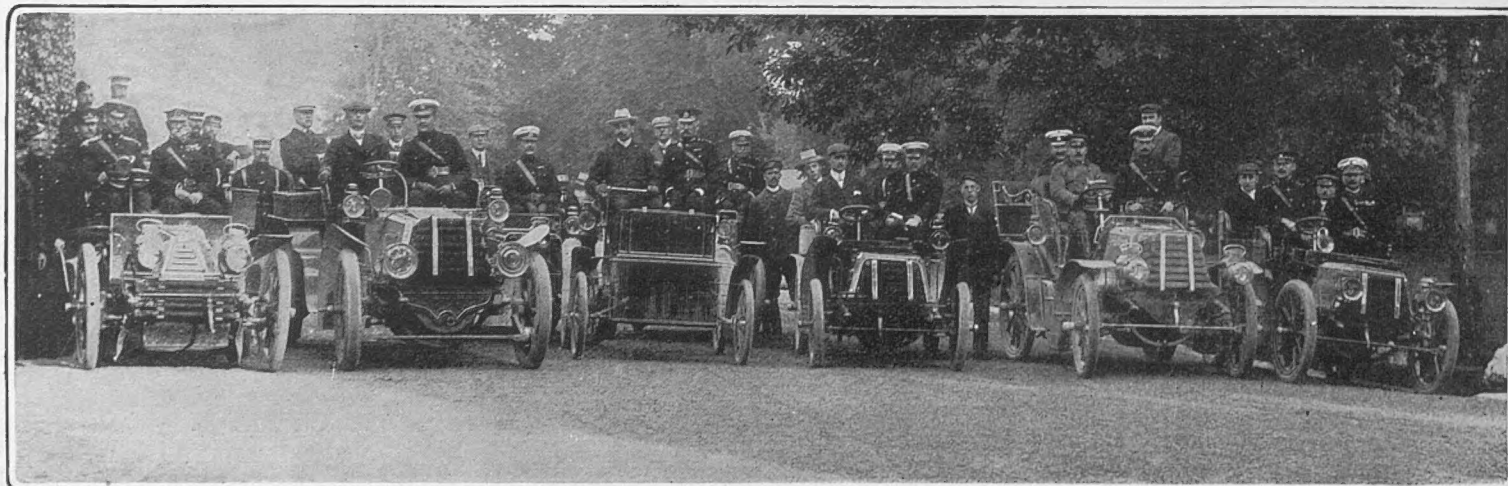
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MOTOR-CARS IN THE ARMY: THE NEW CORPS OF AUTOMOBILE VOLUNTEERS.

Copyright Photograph by Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*Two Important
Royal Dates.*

The King has settled to take what is certain to be the most important Progress of his reign, that through the City of London and certain South London thoroughfares, on Oct. 18, and it is also intimated that their Majesties hope to attend a public Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Abbey on the following day, Oct. 19. The last great Thanksgiving Service attended by the King and Queen was when they, as Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied Queen Victoria to St. Paul's to take part in the solemn Thanksgiving on Feb. 27, 1872. On that occasion the service began with the "Te Deum" and concluded with a thanksgiving hymn specially written for the occasion. The crowd which lined the route both going and returning was the largest which had ever been collected in the Metropolis.

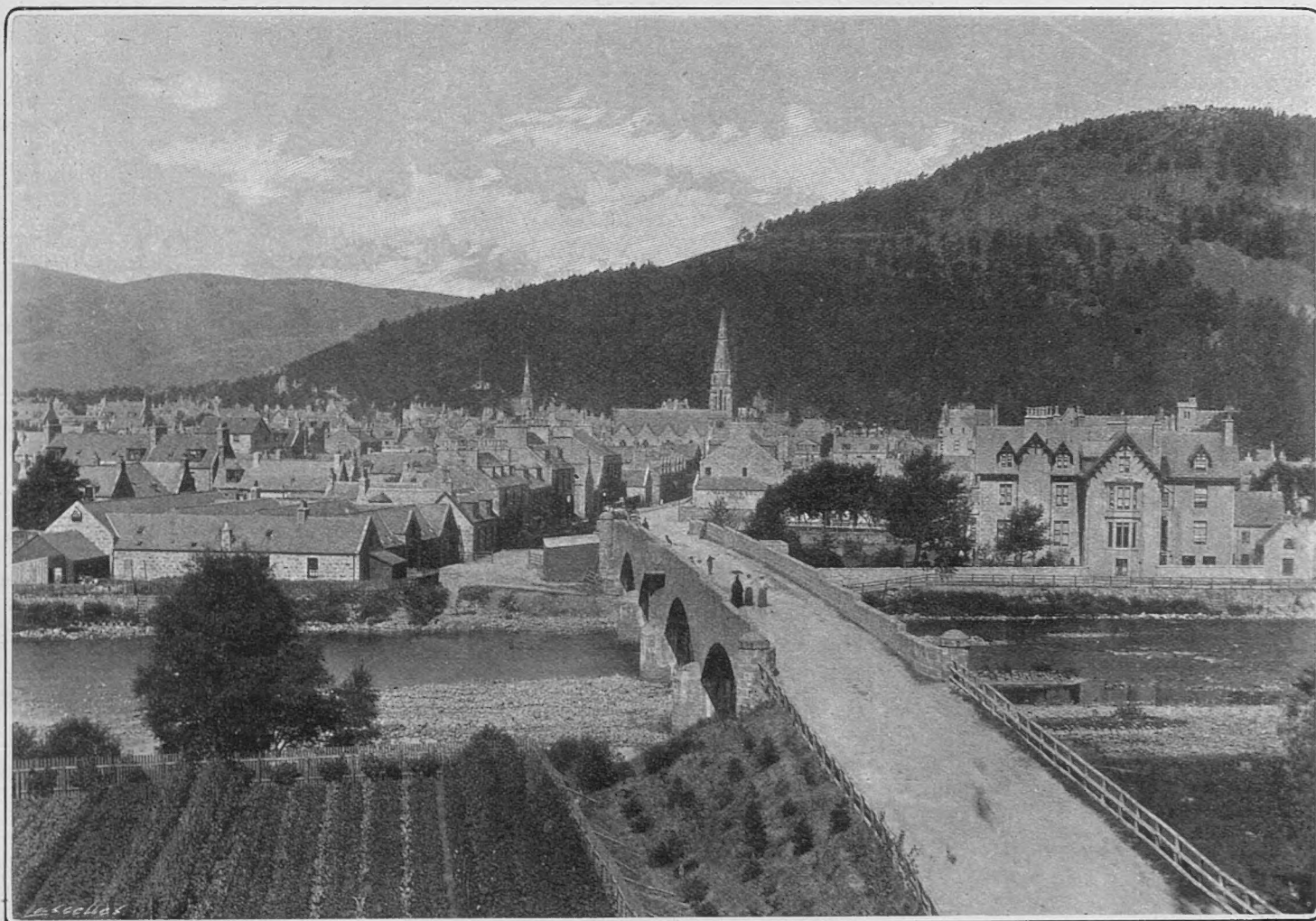
Brilliant Ballater.

The beautiful village—it is scarcely more—of Ballater outdid even its own record of Royal welcomes in that prepared for their Majesties last week. The King and Queen, looking, it is said, surprisingly the better for their yachting

in the vicinity of Balmoral some six years ago, among his companions being the young Emperor of Russia. It is an interesting fact that the Sovereign has always made it very clear that he particularly disapproves of the foolish habit which has grown up of late years of shooting immature stags. In the Royal forests the rule of allowing the "Monarchs of the Glen" to grow to their full size is rigorously observed. As to what is their full size, a "Royal" is quite fit to do honour to the sportsman and himself when between his two horns can be placed a deer-stalking telescope drawn out to its full length.

*Queen Victoria
Memorial.*

The pretty little Parish Church of Whippingham, Isle of Wight, in which Queen Victoria took so great an interest, and where the remains of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg rest, is to be greatly adorned and embellished as a memorial to Her late Majesty. The sanctuary is to be enlarged, and a beautiful reredos, representing the Last Supper, will be erected, the figures being in a panel of alabaster. A beginning has already been made with the work, which is being executed by



BALLATER, THE "MARKET TOWN" FOR BALMORAL CASTLE.

Photograph by Milne, Aboyne.

tour, were met at the station by a group composed of the most distinguished members of their Households and of the local gentry, headed by the Prince of Wales. They were welcomed in true Highland fashion, a great feature being the pipers, whose brilliant costumes were much appreciated by those visitors to Deeside who are still unaccustomed to the more picturesque manifestations of Highland life. During the stay of the Court at Balmoral, the Guard of Honour at Ballater occupies a charming building, exceedingly comfortable, not to say luxurious—indeed, last year His Majesty more than once paid a visit to the officers' quarters. The Guard of Honour is generally recruited from one of the Highland regiments, and the officers in charge of this picked body of men are naturally much fêted on Deeside.

*The King and the
"Monarch of the
Glen."*

The King is certain to enjoy the best of good sport during his present sojourn at Balmoral, and already a number of great deer-drives are being organised in His Majesty's honour. During the years which immediately followed his marriage, the King, as Prince of Wales, was a very keen and successful deer-stalker, and in those years he may be said to have sampled all the more famous deer-forests in Bonnie Scotland. His Majesty's last stalking expedition took place

command of His Majesty, who, with other members of the Royal Family, including the German Emperor, will bear the whole of the expense incurred.

*Cottage Homes for
London's Regiment.*

The providing of cottage homes for the disabled men of the various county regiments has for some time occupied the attention of Committees in various parts of the country, and many regiments have contributed liberally towards this desirable end. Now the turn of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) has come, and that not a moment too soon. The Royal Fusiliers is one of our most historic regiments, is now composed of four battalions, and gained great distinction in South Africa. The influential Committee which has been formed has as Patron His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who is Colonel of the regiment and has already sent a handsome donation, and as President the Lord Mayor of London, so, no doubt, the appeal made to the City will meet with the liberal response it deserves. These regimental homes will be entirely free from disciplinary supervision, and each will be as much the occupant's own little "castle" as is the home of every Englishman. The inmates will be selected by the Royal Fusiliers themselves, the property being attached to the regiment in perpetuity.

Lady Castlereagh. Lady Castlereagh, the beautiful young wife of Lord Londonderry's only son and heir, is the eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Chaplin, most popular of statesmen and sportsmen. Her mother, who died when Lady Castlereagh was a little child, was one of the younger sisters of the present Duke of Sutherland, and Mr. Chaplin's two daughters spent much of their youth at Stafford House, where, indeed, they made their début, chaperoned by their lovely aunt, the present Duchess. Her ladyship shares her sister's love of outdoor sport, and, like her, is a good swimmer, though not, perhaps, so accomplished a water-nymph. Ever since her marriage she has spent much of her time with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. Lady Castlereagh is connected with an immense number of well-known people, and she is a great-niece, by marriage, of the Duchess of Argyll. Her ladyship often helps her mother-in-law, Lady Londonderry, to do the honours of splendid Wynyard and of Londonderry House. She has been known to the King and Queen from earliest childhood, and one of the most beautiful wedding-presents received by her on her marriage was a gift from their Majesties.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra when on Deeside carry on the traditions left by Queen Victoria—that is, they see much more of their neighbours than it is the custom for Royalty to do when residing at Windsor or at Buckingham Palace. The stretch of beautiful Highland country known as Deeside is embellished with many a stately Scottish mansion, and both Balmoral and Mar Lodge are within easy drive of such historic dwellings as Abergeldie, Aboyne, Brackley, Glen-Tana, Invercauld, Braemar, and Glen Muick.

Of course, the sporting amenities of Deeside bring the Sovereign into constant contact with his privileged neighbours; every estate possesses, if not its famous moor, then its famous forest; if not its forest, then its unrivalled stretch of salmon-fishing, and His Majesty has shot, stalked, or fished most of them. Then, again, the Braemar Gathering brings Royalty into closest contact with the local gentry, and never was there a more brilliant meeting than that which took place last Thursday. In one matter Deeside has greatly altered since Queen Victoria and Prince Albert set up their household gods at Balmoral. In those days every historic house in the vicinity was inhabited by its owner, but now the temptation to let to the Southern stranger is too great to be resisted; it is an open secret that more than one millionaire has willingly given a sum running into four figures for a few weeks' enjoyment of a Deeside sporting estate, and even the late Sovereign in time became resigned to this state of things, and "made friends" with those of her old neighbours' tenants of whom she heard a good report.

Glen Muick House. Glen Muick House, the palatial-looking castle which belongs to Sir Allan Mackenzie, is splendidly situated on a kind of platform overlooking the Dee and the Muick. The house was actually built by the present owner's father, and recalls some of the great Italian palaces, rather than a Scottish stronghold. The interior of Glenmuick House is admirably comfortable, the furniture having been, in many cases, actually made to fit the rooms. Sir Allan is the fortunate owner of one of the best deer-forests in Scotland, and there, when the place was for a time let to Lord Glenesk, the King, as Prince of Wales, often enjoyed the best

of good sport. The country round about Glen Muick is wonderfully beautiful, and the fishing just below the junction of the Dee and Muick burn is considered quite exceptionally good.

Invercauld House. Invercauld House, the historic home of that great Scottish family which, though untitled, is known all the world over as that of Farquharson of Invercauld, is one of the most beautifully situated mansions within an easy drive of Balmoral Castle. Invercauld House might well claim to be a castle, for it is turreted in the Scottish baronial style, and, though not yet thirty years have gone by since the building of the main portion of the house, the original castle, of immense antiquity, is connected with the modern structure, and the two appear one. As is generally the case with great Scottish houses, perhaps the pleasantest apartments at Invercauld are the two halls, the one roofed with oak beams and full of interesting and beautiful old Scottish furniture, while the upper hall, less severely simple, is a pleasant living-room, and contains some quaint

memorials and portraits of Farquharsons dead and gone. The drawing-room commands lovely views of Ballochbuie Forest, as well as of the great mountains of Benaan and Benabour, and of pathetic interest are two splendid Indian shawls presented to the present owner of Invercauld's mother by Queen Victoria, who was very devoted to her old friend and neighbour. The dining-room of old Invercauld House is an historic apartment, for there took place in 1715 the meeting of Highland chieftains, who, headed by the Earl of Mar, breathed defiance to King George. The Farquharson of that day lived to see the '45, but, probably fortunately for himself, he was too old to take part in the Rising. The present tenants are Mr. and Mrs. Neumann, who are entertaining a great house-party there at the present moment, among their guests being such well-known Society people as Mr. Edward Stonor, Mr. and Mrs. George West, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Ashley.

Glen-Tana and Aboyne Castle are, curiously enough, closely associated in the public mind, for the Marquis of Huntly, the head of the gallant Gordon family and owner of Aboyne Castle, a fine example of an old Scottish castle, containing many interesting relics of famous Gordons, was the son-in-law of the much-discussed millionaire, Sir William

Cunliffe Brooks, who was, during the latter years of his life, one of the most popular personalities in the eastern Highlands, for his generosity was boundless and his hospitality proverbial. Glen-Tana, which is now the property of the late owner's grandson, the eldest son of Lady Huntly's sister, Lady Francis Cecil, is, perhaps, the most perfect property on Deeside, both as regards appearance and comfort, and is now let to the Coats family.

Beautiful Braemar. Braemar Castle has of late years been inhabited each autumn by Prince and Princess Alexis Dolgorouki. The charming Anglo-Russian Princess, who was before her marriage Miss Fleetwood Wilson, the most popular spinster hostess in London Society, is devoted to her Scottish home, and has made the grim old stronghold very comfortable and artistic. The Princess entertains large house-parties and takes part in all local charitable and social gatherings. Brackley, yet another historic Deeside estate, has also often of late years been the temporary Scottish home of well-known English hostesses.



LADY CASTLEREAGH.

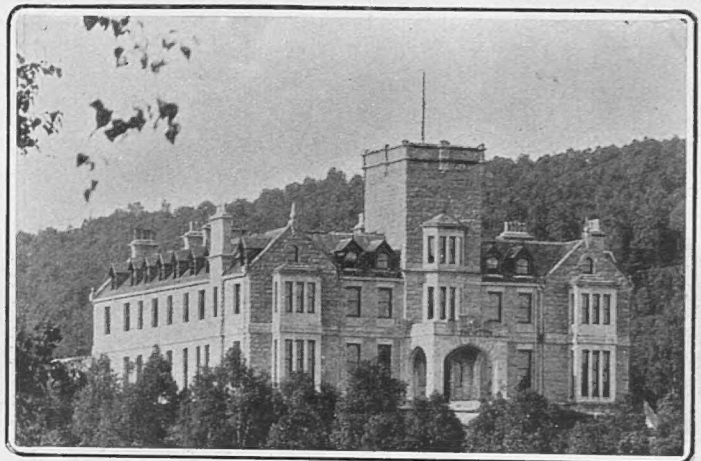
Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

THE KING'S NEIGHBOURS ON DEESIDE:

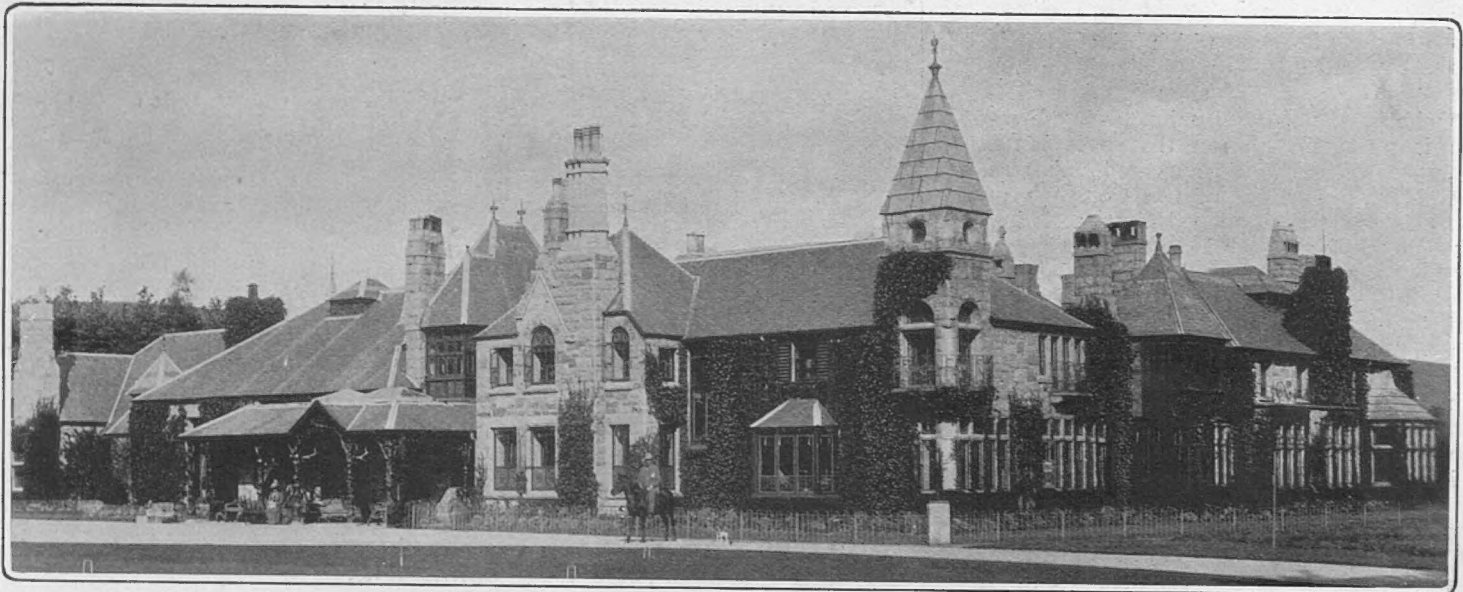
SOME HISTORIC SCOTTISH RESIDENCES.



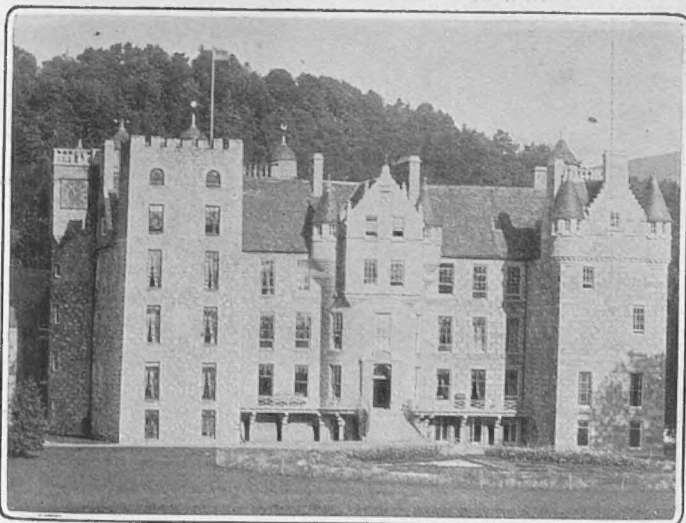
BRACKLEY (NEAR BALLATER), AN IDEAL SCOTTISH MANSION.



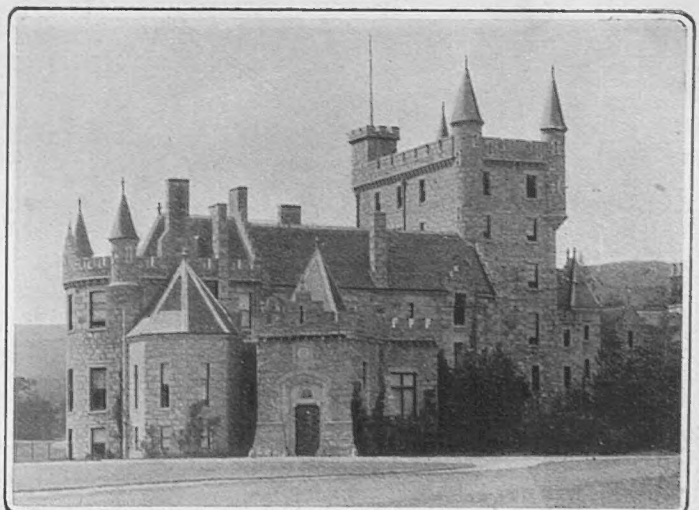
GLEN MUICK HOUSE, ONE OF THE HIGHLAND HOMES OF SIR ALLAN MACKENZIE.



GLEN-TANA (FORMERLY THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM CUNLIFFE BROOKS), NOW OCCUPIED BY THE COATS FAMILY.



ABOYNE CASTLE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY.



INVERCAULD HOUSE, AT PRESENT OCCUPIED BY MR. AND MRS. NEUMANN.

Photographs by Milne, Aboyne.

The Motor in the Cornfield.

Hitherto the British farmer has not looked with very friendly eyes at the motors as they "passed" his best nag on the way to the market town, but Mr. Dan Albone, the well-known cyclist, will soon change all this. He has just brought out an "Ivel" motor, which will be the farmer's friend indeed and in need, for it will reap and sow, plough and mow, and perform all manner of hauling, and then work its own way or haul a load to the barn, where it will thrash and grind corn, cut turnips and chaff, turn the churn, and make itself generally useful at a very small cost. This is no fancy picture, for my correspondent has both witnessed and photographed the machine at work, and when attached either to a six-foot-cut reaper-and-binder, a mowing-machine, or a two-furrow plough, it did its work equally well, while the cost of fuel—eightpence per acre—compares very favourably with horse-traction. It is a petrol motor of eight-horse-power, double



MR. DAN ALBONE,
THE INVENTOR OF THE "IVEL" MOTOR FOR AGRICULTURISTS.

cylinder, with water circulation. It has electric ignition, one speed forward and reverse, and any intelligent man can drive it after a few lessons.

Miss Gertrude Elliott.

The hold which Miss Gertrude Elliott has obtained on the regard of the playgoing community is almost if not quite unique, when consideration is given to the fact that it is but a very few seasons ago that she appeared, unknown and unheralded, a member of the Company of which her sister, Miss Maxine Elliott, and her brother-in-law, Mr. Nat Goodwin, were the acknowledged heads. Since those days she has established herself as one of the most gifted of those who are often called "our younger actresses" by courtesy, though in her case the courtesy veils no truth, for she is still exceedingly young. Allied as she is by interest and the closest tie to one of our finest, most romantic, and most poetical actors, Miss Elliott may hope to play in London some of those heroines which it is the ambition of every serious actress to perform. Already we have seen her Ophelia, and, in time, we shall see her as the gentle Desdemona, in which she won golden opinions in the provinces.

Miss Lily Brayton. Though she will not appear in the bill with which Mr. Beerbohm Tree opens His Majesty's, Miss Lily Brayton is still under his management.



THE "IVEL" MOTOR PLOUGHING.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

While there is no part for her in "The Eternal City," yet when the popular actor-manager produces "Richard the Second"—for which, it is understood, he has already begun to make extensive plans—she will be seen as the Queen, the part in which she first attracted the notice of London when she acted with Mr. Frank Benson at the Lyceum Theatre, and proved that ability as a Shaksperian actress which she so ably demonstrated during last season, when she played Viola in "Twelfth Night."

Miss Lilian Braithwaite.

Managerial exigencies have for the moment deprived the public of the pleasure of applauding Miss Lilian Braithwaite, as they have conspired to relegate her services to the important but unsatisfactory position of an understudy. Engaged by Mr. George Alexander, she remains an unseen member of the Company of the St. James's, where in "Paolo and Francesca" she created so favourable an impression, and won a storm of approval by her brilliant performance of the "temperamental" heroine of Miss Netta Syrett's play discovered by the Playgoers' Club. Miss Braithwaite will, during the run of "If I were King," act only in the event of Miss Julie Opp's temporary absence. When, however, the popularity of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's play has waned and Mr. Alexander stages the modern comedy of which Mr. Frederick Fenn is one of the authors, Miss Braithwaite will, it is hoped, return to the active exercise of her profession, which must of necessity be more satisfactory to her, as it will be to the public, which can never have too much talent employed for its entertainment. While Miss Braithwaite is thus in retirement, so far as London playgoers go, her



THE "IVEL" MOTOR MOWING CLOVER.

husband, Mr. Gerald Lawrence, is playing Orlando in the revival of "As You Like It," which forms this year's Shaksperian production at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, that once a year devotes itself to a performance of the work of him who "was not for an age, but for all time."

Miss Ada Webster. Among the clever actresses of the younger generation must certainly be reckoned Miss Ada Webster, whose portrait appears on page 354. Miss Webster was last seen, I believe, in the revival of "Jedbury Junior," at the Shaftesbury, and will doubtless be before the public again ere long.

Yorkshire and Cricket.

To understand the importance of cricket one must be in Yorkshire just now. The day of King Willow is at an end—he will go to rest in his green-baize bag for half-a-year—but every Yorkshireman is full of the glories of the national game, apropos of the county team's success. One may hear casual remarks about the Kaiser and Mr. Roosevelt, Lord Kitchener, Mr. Chamberlain, General de Wet, and Mr. Balfour—they are nearly all known by name in Yorkshire—but before F. S. Jackson, Lord Hawke, Hirst, and Haigh they must hide their diminished heads. During a brief sojourn in the great sporting county, I have heard more about cricket than horses or grouse, and when the last of the season's matches were being played the enthusiasm knew no bounds, and nearly all the people I met would not discuss any other subject.

A Brilliant Royal House-Party.

Ireland seems about to have, at last, her social innings, and, if this comes to pass, it will be owing in no small measure to the great Irish nobility, notably the Earl and Countess of Erne, who have just entertained at their splendid place, Crom Castle, one of the most brilliant Royal house-parties ever gathered together in the "distressful country." The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were accompanied by their daughter, Princess Margaret, and among those brought together to meet them were the Marquis and Marchioness of Hamilton,

the inimitable Jane Austen. Mr. George Savile, another half-brother of Lord Mexborough's, is also just engaged. His *fiancée* is Lady Margaret Forbes, the daughter of Lord Granard.

New Lieutenant of the Tower.

The appointment of Lieutenant-General Lord William Seymour to the Lieutenancy of London's ancient fortress is a most popular one, for his courteous and considerate treatment of his subordinates has made him much beloved by all who have had the pleasure of serving with him.



CROM CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ERNE.

Lord Hyde (the eldest son of Lord Clarendon), Lord and Lady Delamere, Lord Cole, Lord Ingestre, Lady Alexandra Hamilton, and Colonel Crichton. The host and hostess were assisted in doing the honours of the Castle by Lord Crichton, Lady Mabel Crichton, and Lady Evelyn Ward, the married daughter of the house. The neighbourhood of Newtown Butler, Fermanagh, is, perhaps, the loveliest in Ireland, and Lord and Lady Erne are also exceptionally fortunate in their neighbours. It is very probable that the King and Queen, during their long-promised visit to Ireland, will make a short sojourn at Crom Castle.

Some Interesting Engagements.

September is not usually prolific in engagements interesting to Society, but this Coronation year is the exception which proves the rule. The approaching marriage of Lord Kinnoull to Miss Darell has created quite a sensation. The head of the Hay family is still on the sunny side of fifty, although his eldest son and heir, Viscount Dupplin, made him a grandfather a short time ago. Lord Kinnoull became a widower two years ago; he is a keen sportsman and a fine musician. His future Countess, Miss Molly Darell, is, perhaps, the best amateur violin-player in Society. Yet another engagement, of interest to the great Jewish community, is that of Mr. Oscar Raphael to Miss Lydia Sassoon. Mr. John Savile, heir-presumptive and half-brother to Lord Mexborough, is engaged to Miss Knatchbull-Hugessen, a daughter of Lord and Lady Brabourne, a true collateral descendant of

Lord William joined the Coldstream Guards in 1855, having, like several of our most distinguished General Officers, served previously in the Navy, and gained the medal for the operations in the Baltic. In the following year he was sent to the Crimea, but the close of the War prevented him from seeing any fighting. Not till more than a quarter of a century later did he again "smell powder," and then he was present at Mahuta and Tel-el-Kebir. He has held many important Staff appointments since, including the Command of the Forces in Canada, and last year he was for a time Military Secretary to Earl Roberts. Lord William can hold the position for the full term of three years, as he will not be sixty-seven till the end of 1905.

Mrs. Annie Wakeman Lathrop writes me to the effect that *The Sketch* contributor was in error who implied that Mr. George Meredith had never granted an interview to any journalist. Mrs. Lathrop herself, it seems, interviewed Mr. Meredith for the *Boston Herald* a few years ago.

"Tim."

The well-known collecting-dog at Paddington Station has just died, it will grieve many people who travel by the Great Western to hear. "Tim" collected for the Railway Widows and Orphans' Fund, and during the ten years in which he had been a familiar occupant of the station he totalled about eight hundred pounds. Both Queen Victoria and King Edward have subscribed gold to the box which he carried.

Hon. S. Ward. Captain Leslie. Lord Erne. Lady E. Ward. Lady M. Crichton. Miss Dennistoun. Lady Delamere. Lord Crichton.



Colonel Crichton. Lady Erne. Princess Margaret. Duke of Connaught. Duchess of Connaught. Lady A. Hamilton. Mrs. Leslie. Lord Hyde. Lord Ingestre. Captain Lascelles. Hon. Arthur Crichton. Lord Cole.

— THE EARL OF ERNE'S HOUSE-PARTY.

Photographs by Lafayette, London and Dublin

The Countess of Huntingdon.

The brilliant Countess of Huntingdon, though to all intents and purposes an Englishwoman, may be claimed by Greater Britain as one of her children, for she was the second daughter of Sir Samuel Wilson, the great Australian millionaire, whose son, Captain Wilson, is the husband of the plucky Lady Sarah, perhaps the most noted heroine of the South African War. The present Lord Huntingdon, fourteenth of the famous line of Hastings, which can trace its pedigree directly from Robert de Hastings, the Steward of William the Conqueror, married Miss Maud. Margaret Wilson just ten years ago. Both the young Earl and his Countess are deservedly popular in Ireland, where they have spent much of their married life at Sharavogue, one of the most charming places in King's County. They are both very keen riders to hounds, and they will probably play a prominent rôle at what promises to be the youngest Viceregal Court on record.

The Seats of the Mighty.

From the fact that the number of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan in Prince's Gate is 13, it is evident that the great financier has but small regard for a popular superstition. The house is a corner one and directly faces Kensington Gardens. The late Lord Ashton and Lord Cheylesmore were almost next-door neighbours of Mr. Morgan. Within a stone's-throw of Prince's Gate are Prince's Gardens and Ennismore Gardens. At No. 40 in the former lives Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and No. 4 in the latter is the London address of the Right Hon. the Earl of Halsbury, Lord High Chancellor of England.

Belgrave Square.

The visits to London of Lord Kitchener are few and far between. When, however, he does happen to be in town, he usually stays at 17, Belgrave Square. The house belongs to Mr. Pandeli Ralli, who has been an intimate friend of the distinguished General for many years past. Another well-known resident of Belgrave Square is Mrs. Arthur Paget, the wife of Major-General Paget. She lives at No. 35.

London's Next Lord Mayor.

If nothing unforeseen takes place, London will have a Jewish Lord Mayor once again in November next, for Sir Marcus Samuel should be chosen by the Liverymen of the City Guilds when they meet to elect a new Mayor at the Guildhall a fortnight hence. Sir Marcus Samuel is a wealthy shipowner, of Leadenhall Street and Portland Place. He is Chairman of a great Oil Company that is said to be prepared to throw down the gauntlet to American monopolists, but,

despite great business experience, is a comparatively young man, being still on the sunny side of fifty. He succeeded Sir Henry Isaacs as Alderman for the Ward of Portsoken some eleven years ago, and became Sheriff in 1894, when Sir Joseph Renals was Mayor, receiving the honour of knighthood in 1898 for services rendered to H.M.S. *Victorious* in the Suez Canal. Sir Marcus is a Justice of the Peace for London and Maidstone, where he owns the historic place known as "The Mote," famous for its beautiful grounds and extensive library. The last Jewish Lord Mayor was Sir George Faudel-Phillips. We are not likely to have one after Sir Marcus Samuel for some years, as there are no Jews among the Aldermen who are within fairly easy distance of the honour.

The Lord Mayor at Bath.

Last week the Lord Mayor paid a State visit to Bath, to unveil a tablet to the memory of Queen Charlotte, who formerly lived at Bath. The great attraction of the City of the West is now the Roman Baths, which of late years have been opened and roofed-in and restored to something like their original state. The Abbey, the Baths, and the Roman remains were also visited by the Lord Mayor, who attended with his State carriages, and was accompanied by the Sheriffs and Under-Sheriff, the Sword-bearer, the Mace-bearer, and the City Marshal, much to the content of the people of Bath, who at first feared that the Lord Mayor would come among them without those trappings of office which lend so much to the dignity and splendour of a Lord Mayor's visit. By the way, it is rumoured that the old office of Master of the Ceremonies is to be revived at Bath, and in these days, when we are so careful to preserve or restore all ceremonials and old dignities, it would be a capital thing for the city. The famous Beau Nash made Bath about a century ago, when the waters were as fashionable as those of any Continental Spa now are, and those who know their "Pickwick" will recall how Mr. Pickwick, with his faithful followers, Snodgrass, Tupman, and Winkle, were welcomed to "Ba-a-a-ath" by the then holder of that historic office.

Mr. Harford, First Secretary at the British Legation at Brussels, will shortly proceed to Buenos Ayres, whither he has been promoted by Government as First Secretary. It will be remembered that he was for some time quite recently at the Berlin Embassy. It was while there that Mrs. Harford's portrait was so excellently painted by the portrait-painter, Mr. Brooks. Mr. Harford will be replaced at Brussels by Mr. Crackenthorpe, Second Secretary to Washington.



THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



NO. 13, PRINCE'S GATE, S.W., THE LONDON HOUSE OF MR. PIERPONT MORGAN.



NO. 17, BELGRAVE SQUARE, THE HOUSE OF MR. PANDELI RALLI, WITH WHOM LORD KITCHENER HAS BEEN STAYING.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

An Exhibition Jumble.

Are we to see part of the Exhibition rebuilt? It sounds like a catch, but it is not one. The fact of the matter is that, when the Ville de Paris handed over their lands, there were five palaces on them, and it was stipulated that, with the closing of the Exhibition, a similar number should be left on the ground. But Picard has demolished the show and overlooked this part of the contract. The Municipal Councillors swear that they will have their pound of flesh, and Picard, in his wrath, declares that the skeletons of four palaces are intact, and that, if the worst comes to the worst, he will start and rebuild them!

A Gameless Year.

The restaurants of Paris are in mourning. September is the month in which money is most rapidly made, for rich and poor alike enjoy their game dinner. This year the supply from the French preserves is deplorable and the quality far from good. Belgium and Norway are sending in heavy consignments, but not nearly so large as in former years. The police throughout the country are entering into a veritable campaign against the poachers, and it is incredible to hear the seizures of game daily.

During the past few weeks the boulevards have presented a much healthier appearance. The police have decided once and for all to drive off the kiosques those prints that made a promenade for a lady unpleasant and raised angry comments from parents with their families. Now any keeper exposing anything even in questionable taste runs the risk of being criminally prosecuted and his kiosk closed within twenty-four hours. It was not a day too soon.

It seems that all that has been written about Sarah's tour in Germany is slightly previous. She is back in Paris preparing for her tour in the North of Europe. She is emphatic that no agreements have been signed, and when asked if she would look favourably on a German visit, she shrugs her shoulders, but it is pretty certain that Sarah will cross the Rhine within a year. She opens her Paris season in November, but Marcel Schwob's "Macbeth" will not see the footlights till the spring.

"Apaches" and "Boxers."

Li Kouï, a young Chinese law-student in the Latin Quarter, is the joke of the Quarter for the moment. He went out determined to study *au fond* the ruffianism in Paris. He followed dark streets and deserted avenues, and in despair turned into a flaring bar. Two or three sinister individuals pointed out that it was dangerous to be out alone, as there were many desperate characters abroad. Li Kouï explained that he would not give a penny to be with respectable company—he wanted to meet the roughs. His wish was gratified, and, a few minutes later, "Bras d'Acier," "Mort aux Fleas," and "Le Terreur des Batignolles" were drinking to their fill.

Finally, when he had heard tales that thrilled him, he confided to them that he was a "Boxer" and gave some of the favourite means used to make an attack always successful. It was decided that Monsieur should give some examples in a dark street. When the police found him, stunned, and rifled from top to toe, he was still nervously excited to tell the story of how a Chinaman had bearded the Apaches. He would not make a charge, as the fact of the robbery proved they had not defrauded him, but were really and truly Thugs.

The Cyclists' Salaries.

The salaries of cyclists in Paris when they are in full form and fame are tempting. When all expenses are paid, Michael and Linton have 60,000 francs to their credit, and at least fifteen runners earn 22,000 francs a-year. Jacquelin holds the record with 77,000 francs made in one season.



A STUDY.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

I hear that the Toy Show that was inaugurated so successfully is likely to have a rough time. The pretty site of the Jardin de Paris had been selected, and the small makers sent in their adherence from all parts. But the big manufacturers hold aloof, arguing that all they gain is for their models to be copied. However, quantity will make up for quality, and little "Curly Locks" is always happy when she is in her kingdom.

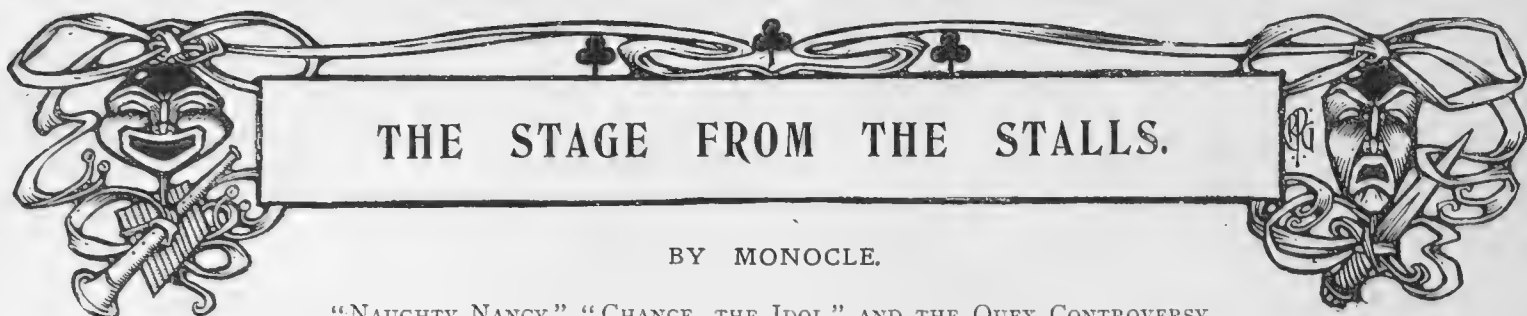
The Khedive regulates his movements with profound indifference. He takes the steamboat up to Auteuil and comes back by tram, sometimes eating at a wine-shop. He selects his own theatres, and the more Bohemian the spectacle the better is he amused.

Santos - Dumont ridicules the notion that he has abandoned aerial navigation, and the proof he gives is an astounding one. He has ordered from his builder a balloon on a new plan, with seating accommodation for ten persons. It sounds sheer madness, but Dumont is his own master, and

I am quite certain he will be absolute master of that balloon, for a rush at the booking-offices is impossible to conceive.

English Influence in Brussels.

Though at the present moment there are but few English people in Brussels, the influence of Englishmen is to be noticed on all sides. This is especially striking to the casual visitor. In all the book-shops there are English novels, English guides, English periodicals, and English literature of every description. There seem to be practically no Belgian periodicals or Belgian magazines to be bought for love or money. Perhaps they are non-existent. English fashions reign supreme; tailors, dressmakers, sellers of curios, all offer English goods and publish the fact that English is spoken. In fact, were it not for the French language that one hears around one on all sides, one might really think that it was a fashionable English resort.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"NAUGHTY NANCY," "CHANCE, THE IDOL," AND THE QUEX CONTROVERSY.

"NAUGHTY NANCY" was not very wise in her choice of a birthplace, for she is not quite the kind of young person expected at the Savoy, and to find her there was rather a shock; not, indeed, because Nancy is shocking or very naughty, but because she is "no class." Critics at times say that a piece will not do for London, but should be successful in the provinces—that this suggestion of a higher standard of taste in London is well founded is not certain—and of the new piece it may be asserted that there is a country-cousin air about it, a simplicity in the humours, a crudeness in the lyrics, a clumsiness in the tunes, though not in the orchestration, which make it appear at sea, or out of water, at the pretty theatre which keeps alive the taste for the higher class of light musico-dramatic work. "Naughty Nancy" should find many admirers, since from all points of view it is as good as many of its class that have earned money without gaining fame. Energy was the key-note of the performance, and the applause was won by hearty work.

People are wondering what Mr. Arthur Jones was driving at when he wrote "Chance, the Idol." It seems pretty clear that he was simply driving at writing a strong part for Miss Lena Ashwell; unfortunately, master-pieces are not reached in such a way. One may guess that he said to himself, there are big dramatic possibilities in a female gambler, and that you can always get plenty of local colour (*rouge-et-noir*) at Nice and Monte Carlo, and so the heroine is a young woman who gambles at the place already presented too often on the stage. Obviously, however, a heroine who gambles from the mere mad love of gambling would not win the avowed sympathy of an audience, so there must be an abnormal motive for her gambling. Let her gamble, then, in order to get enough money to buy a husband. Of course, even with gambler's gold you cannot buy a very "high-toned" person as a husband, but Alan Leversage, the man who had presented her with a little Alan without the customary formality of church or registry office, would serve. He was a contemptible, uninteresting young cur, and how he contrived to induce the Ellen Farndon of the first Act to dispense with the customary formality is unimaginable to me; but, then, anything might happen with a young woman who, when little Alan arrived, "could not go to my own people or to my own religion for comfort," and so turned Roman Catholic, just as one goes from one shop to another in search of a particular article. Apparently, she used the term "my own people" rather narrowly, since it did not include her own father and mother, to whom she went for such comfort as they could give. So Ellen, having a little fortune of eighteen hundred pounds, determined to go *rouge-et-noir* for Alan *père et fils*, and Alan (*père*) consented in a half-hearted way to the proposed mercenary marriage, and his friends acquiesced reluctantly.

Perhaps it is only fair to give Ellen's own account of her reasons, or excuses, for trying her luck: "I only want to win four or five times as much as I have, and then—oh, don't you see what it means? He's in debt; he would love me again if I freed him. And then, if he married me, mother would get well again, and Alan would be brought up a little gentleman, and you would get your rise at the bank, and everybody would respect us again." This is said to her father, who objects to the gambling scheme. She seems a foolish creature. Fancy a woman, when a man has caused her "the greatest shame and sorrow that can befall a woman"—Mr. Farndon's phrase—exciting his love by putting him under humiliating obligations to her and so coercing him into marriage! And do people ever love again?

Think of Alan *fils*, son of such a cad, being brought up as a little gentleman! By whom—by the contemptible father or the gambler mother who has no self-respect? And the rise at the bank! As the vulgar say, "What price Exeter?" where bank-clerks get a rise under such circumstances; and "What price Exeter?" where "everybody would respect" her "again," because, after her "*petit accident*," she had bribed the father by game-won gold to marry her. Of course, this is only what she says, and not exactly official, so far as the author is concerned; but she apparently is sincere, and the bank-clerk, though at first doubtful, seems convinced; but, perhaps, Exeter bank-clerks are unworldly, and not like those in town who carefully examine the ledger accounts of journalists before honouring their cheques. It was an oversight not to have made Ellen and Alan Scotch, because then the doctrine of post-nuptial legitimation would have come in, and the heroine would have been striving for her boy's good name into the bargain.

Unfortunately, the author, whilst recognising the fact that his gambler must have a decent motive for her gambling, has not gone far enough in his endeavour to win sympathy with her—one ought to hope she will win, but cannot because Alan is utterly contemptible, and she knows that he is. It would not have been difficult nor untrue

to Nature or art to have made him a decent fellow—apart from the episode of Alan junior—to have made him willing to do his duty to the girl, poor or rich, or rather, to have caused her to think he would act manfully; but to turn her into a frantic gambler for the sake of a man whose vileness she knows appears going too far. However, the author and Miss Ashwell get their scenes, though, thank goodness, we are spared the actual sight of the gaming. Ellen becomes completely a gambler. Critics have discussed the point, some alleging that she was a born gambler, one of the genuine gaming idiots. My own view simply is that the Management changed the Ellen between the scenes, and that the "quiet, modest, gentle, and reserved" young woman of the first Act is not connected with the hysterical creature of the rest of the piece. These little accidents do happen in plays—leopards can change their spots in drama. All this time I have been forgetting Ryves, the philosopher with the paralysed leg, who reasons concerning luck or chance thus: "It's all a dream! It's a mirage! Chance doesn't guide! Chance only plays the smallest part in this world! It's our own actions, our own characters, that count and weigh and carry us to our end." I fancy that Pope, whether a real poet or not, was a little deeper with his phrase—misquoted, perhaps—"Chance is direction which thou canst not see," though sometimes one would like to say "mis-direction," and I think that the people are wiser with their phrase that "It is better to be born lucky than rich"; and, on the whole, the detestable hero of M. Capus' play, "La Veine," seems truer than the Mr. Ryves who, we are led to suppose, some day marries Ellen, despite Alan *fils* and the paralysed leg and his undeniable but economical wit.

To avoid stating that there are powerful scenes in the play and pleasant passages would be most unjust. Indeed, it opens with an admirable Act which is deeply interesting; but when we get to the lurid passages of the gambling, fatigue appears. Miss Ashwell acts it brilliantly, she has thrilling moments, and, as a display of a person in a state of high fever of the mind, the affair is remarkable, but the play has gone to pieces, the people have ceased to be interesting; even when the philosopher becomes romantic or the self-shot gambler (necessary local colour) is brought in, one is unabsorbed, critical. The work is not moving as a story nor convincing as a study of character, whilst as a philosophic affair it is shallow. Dexterity, sense of theatrical effect, skill in exciting curiosity, wit too charily used, and capital acting do not carry the play to real triumph, and it is not sufficiently true to make one satisfied with its inconclusive conclusion. Mr. H. V. Esmond does what is possible, and almost more, with the part of the philosopher, and Miss Winifred Arthur Jones charmed the house by her acting as a gambling *ingénue*. Mr. Graham Browne played cleverly as the deplorable Alan—a part very neatly drawn and belonging truly to comedy.

The controversy about "The Gay Lord Quex" is amusing if unsatisfactory. Sir Edward Russell attacks a by no means impregnable piece at the wrong point, and Mr. Pinero does not take full advantage of the error. Many people were shocked by the play, not on account of its immorality, as Sir Edward suggests, but its indelicacy. It is neither more nor less immoral than a lamp-post; it does not seek to prove anything or to preach any lesson. Quex is virtuous, he is not really tempted; he may or not be a reformed character; he certainly will be unhappy in his marriage; the truth of the phrase about reformed rakes making the best husbands is not put to the test; one is not shown what sort of a husband he will make: one may guess that whether he is good, bad, or indifferent will depend chiefly on the wife; he has been a libertine, he may become a good man; the "hard vileness" is not exhibited: his main fault in the play is not hardness, but the softness that causes him to consent to the unreasonable request of the Duchess. On the other hand, the partial disrobing of the Duchess on the stage, the exhibition of the garter souvenir and talk about it, the hitching-up of Sophie's stockings, her reference to sleeping in a strange bed, and some other matters of detail, render the play needlessly coarse. It is unnecessary to rub in the fact that the Duchess was his mistress and wishes to be again. There is matter of quite gratuitous indelicacy the removal of which would not have injured the play in the least, and its immense success was partly *succès de scandale*. It is a curious fact that in England improper plays generally offend against decency rather than morality, but critics often confound the two. Played absolutely as written, some of Shakspeare's most popular plays would be indecent in places, but not immoral. Of course, "The Gay Lord Quex" offends only in particular passages; as a whole, it is quite non-moral and decent, though the bedroom scene, however handled, is on delicate ground.



MISS MABEL LOVE AS JOAN IN "SWEET AND TWENTY" ON TOUR.

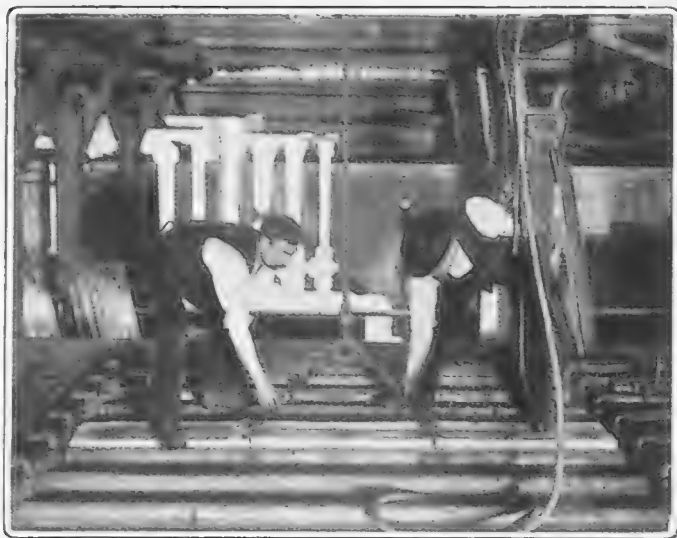
(SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

HOW LONDON GETS ITS ICE: AN HOUR IN AN ICE-FACTORY.

"BY the North Pole I do challenge thee!" grandiloquently exclaimed that fantastical Spaniard, Don Adriano de Armado, when, "armed for Hector," he was badgered by Costard, the Clown, before the assembled Court of Navarre, with its attendant lords and ladies.

Had he lived in London in the twentieth century, his challenge need not have been to so remote a climate to discover the necessary



LIFTING THE ICE OUT OF THE FREEZING-TANK.

cold to chill the valour of his opponent. He need only have taken the nearest train or 'bus to one of the ice-making factories in order to obtain such cold as he required, even though the quantity of ice be rather less than is to be found in that spot to which so many nations have their eyes at present turned.

Still, even in one of these ice-making factories, with a capacity for turning out forty tons a-day and with fifteen hundred tons in store, there is sufficient cold material to quench the ardour of the most fire-eating of mortals.

The wonder is that, with ice capable of being produced in such quantities, London should be, for all practical purposes, so far as its restaurants are concerned, nearly as iceless as the middle of Sahara itself. That, however, is a psychological problem relating to the why and the wherefore of the production of ice, instead of the how with which these illustrations concern themselves.

Ice-making is certainly a study in contrasts, for, while the ordinary mortal thinks only of chattering teeth and the necessity for an overcoat in connection with the process of its manufacture, yet, as a matter of fact, the heat is distinctly oppressive in the engine-room where is located the machinery which, by means of water in its gaseous state, drives the various bits of apparatus connected with the production of sufficient cold to change water from its fluid to its solid state, as the scientific men have it.

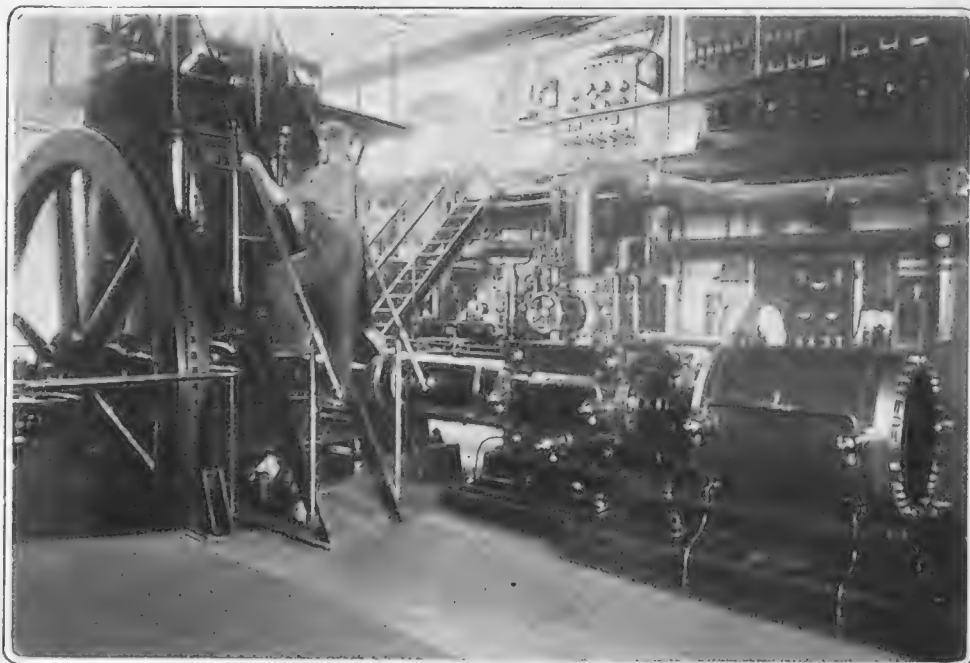
The process depends, as most people are aware, on the well-known faculty enjoyed by ammonia of abstracting heat from any object with which it comes into contact, and so producing a cold below that at which water freezes. Ammonia, by the way, rejoices in the chemical formula of NH_3 , as every schoolboy thinks he is aware, though it does nothing of the kind, for it represents only a certain volume of the gas at a certain temperature of the air, and under a certain pressure of the barometer. This ammonia is stored in cast-steel cylinders containing a hundred pounds of gas in each. These cylinders are connected by steel pipes to a compressor, formed, in its turn, of cast-steel, so as to be very strong. In this the gas is further compressed by means of large high- and low-pressure steam-engines, before it is next allowed to escape into a condenser which consists of a series of rows of pipes two inches in diameter, so numerous that, if placed end to end, their united length would reach fully a mile, if not more. Water at the ordinary temperature of the air is constantly allowed to flow over these pipes, with the natural result that the gas is cooled into a liquid form. It is then carried by means of small pipes to the expansion-coils, where once more it expands into gas. This expansion takes place in large pipes which are placed in tanks filled with a strong mixture of brine. These tanks are forty feet long, twenty feet wide, and ten feet deep, and with the passing of the gas through the pipes the mixture in the tank gets colder and colder, until it registers a temperature of some

eighteen degrees of frost. This brine—now a freezing agent as powerful as that produced by the mixture of ice and salt in the domestic ice-cream-making machine—is pumped through pipes into ice-tanks fifteen feet long, ten feet wide, and six feet deep. These tanks are made with hollow walls, and it is between these walls that the brine flows. The tanks are further subdivided by means of hollow-walled compartments into conveniently sized cells which determine the size and shape of the blocks of ice. In the illustration in which the men are seen lifting the ice out of the ice-tank, the tank is shown divided into partitions, so that the blocks are ten feet long, three feet six inches deep, and twelve inches thick. As a block of ice of this size weighs fifteen hundredweight, it is usual to put two plates into the cell, subdividing it into three compartments, so that the blocks weigh about five hundredweight each. By means of pipes, which are plainly seen in the illustration, the freezing mixture is brought into contact with the water, separated from it only by the metal walls of the compartments. When this has gone on for some time, the whole body of water is frozen into one solid lump. To ensure the ice being as pure as possible, and that no dust or other objectionable material may be frozen with the water, each tank is furnished with a false bottom, and a paddle at the side is kept constantly in motion so that any impurity is forced through the false bottom and prevented from contaminating the product.

The brine-tank is an exceedingly massive structure, weighing from thirty to forty tons, and containing over a mile of iron tubing two inches in diameter. All of the tubes, as seen in the illustrations in which they show, become thickly coated with frost during the time the pumps are at work, and that even though the steam-engines are only a few feet distant.

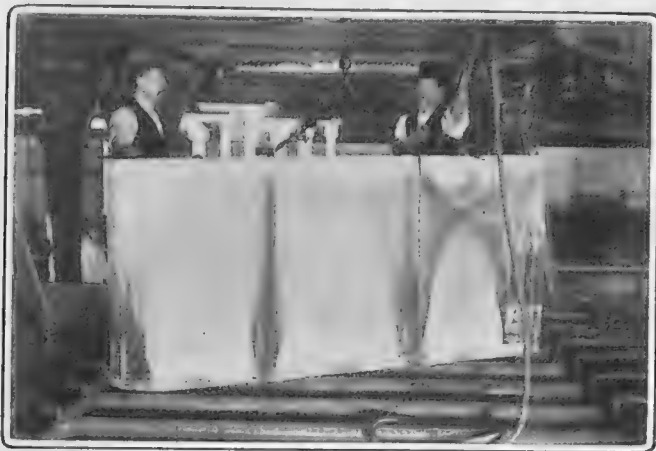
The ice made, the next thing is to get it out of the tank in which it has been manufactured. In order to do this, the cold brine is run off, and warm brine pumped in its stead through the pipes. This gradually thaws the layer of ice nearest the walls of the cell, in exactly the same way as does the cloth wrung out of hot water which the cook places around the mould in which she has frozen her ice-pudding. With the aid of a hydraulic pump attached to chains hooked into holes in the two small dividing-plates, the huge block is lifted out and is easily broken by the thawing through of the plate. Each of the three blocks into which the large one is now converted would be unwieldy to manipulate, weighing, as it does, close on six hundred pounds, but for an exceedingly ingenious device. In the top part of the block there has been frozen a knot of rope for the special purpose of enabling it to be lifted out, and these knots may be seen in many of the blocks, notably in that of the interior of the cold-storage chamber, as well as in the block which is being lowered into the chamber and in the left-hand section of the large block which has just been lifted out of the vat in which it has been made.

By means of a hydraulic lift worked by a little four horse-power engine, the blocks are piled in a corridor, along which they are dragged by hand-power to the top of a chute, whence, by means of a suitable apparatus worked by electricity, they are lowered into the storage-room, kept at a temperature of two or three degrees of frost by means of the process known as "direct ammonia expansion," or they are lowered to another part of the building in order to be loaded on vans and sent out through the streets in the way familiar to everyone. A good deal, however, is sent into the country. For this purpose, the small blocks are further sawn into smaller blocks, then placed into bags filled with sawdust all round.



THE ENGINE-ROOM.

HOW LONDON GETS ITS ICE: AN HOUR IN AN ICE-FACTORY.



BLOCK OF ICE LIFTED OUT.



AT THE TOP OF THE CHUTE.



LOWERING ICE INTO THE COLD-STORAGE CHAMBER.



INTERIOR OF THE COLD-STORAGE CHAMBER: 15,000 TONS OF ICE.



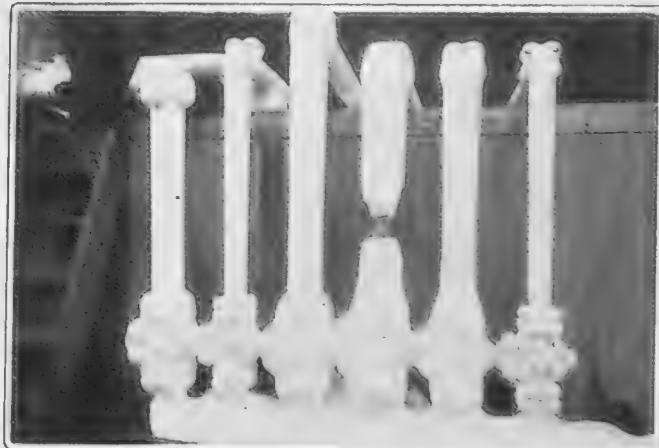
PACKING ICE INTO BAGS FOR DELIVERY BY RAIL.



LOADING ICE IN DELIVERY-WAGGON.



THE BRINE-PUMP.



HOAR-FROST ON PIPES.

THE CONJURER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE French seaside hotel is divided against itself. On the one hand, respectable folk who have carried their respectability and their evening-clothes abroad, who hold a Church of England service in the salon on Sunday, and hang the house with Union Jacks; on the other hand, the artists, writers, musicians, vagabonds of every description, who resent the invasion of what *they* discovered by those incongruous respectabilities.

On the Sunday night there comes a Conjuror. We are somewhat overdone with entertainments—the social life of the London suburbs is with us late and soon—and on the point of escape from the hotel to the little café opposite, where one has coffee and a liqueur for sixty centimes, and the proprietor is a man of taste and a collector, when the Conjuror arrives.

At first, we flatly decline to have anything to say to him. Then a compassionate vagabond bears us word that respectability has declined to patronise the Conjuror—that, unless we support our poor brother-artist, the thing will be a tragic failure. An indignant British mother has just swept his seats clear of her half-dozen indiscriminating boys. Respectability, banished for once from the salon it has made exclusively its own, hangs round doorways and in halls. It will be uncomfortable, but it will not patronise the Conjuror. There are enough of us, other vagabonds, to fill some thirty of his chairs.

The Conjuror is a little creature of a comical aspect, something between a black-beetle and a bat in appearance. His little black coat-tails flap wildly. He is hunched, big-headed, a very botch of the Maker's intention. Painfully anxious, he has a tiny bell which he runs about ringing to see if he will attract other listeners. It is worth the postponement of one's coffee and liqueur to feel that one has scooped the respectable people in the matter of virtue for once, and to see for what a piteous creature the small sacrifice was made.

He is the most unquiet creature. Up and down he runs as he

rattles off his patter, occasionally darting to the table to tinkle his sheep-bell, which brings no other to the fold, except the conscienceless boys who look in from without so as to have their show for nothing.

His tricks are of the dullest, his exhibition of mnemonics infantile. He is insufferably tedious, and all the time so smiling, so anxious, so ready

with his little peals of vacuous laughter. Yet we applaud—how we applaud!—from the Oxford Professor to the small boys who have taken fire at our enthusiasm. We clap to the splitting of our kid-gloves, if we had any. The Oxford Professor tests the memory of the professor of mnemonics, for he is that also, although I have called him a Conjuror. Distinguished artists tie him up in knots a baby could undo, and more or less well-known writers select the cards from the pack with which he does his primitive tricks. He is greatly pleased with us, holding us an intelligent as well as a sympathetic audience.

We begin in a glow of pleasure at our own good acts which is as warming as the liqueur, as stimulating as the coffee. I am bound to say we grow horribly weary in time, and grumble a good deal, and slip away one by one, the least thorough of us, for he is tedious, our Conjuror, and will ride his performances to death. Yet there are enough faithful to the end to save good manners, an excellent remnant who will not let the poor Conjuror perceive that he is a blunderer at his trade, and his science the science of infants. Oh no,

there is excellent good feeling among those vagabonds *ci-là*. Why, one, who is not at all a vagabond, though he has a gift for music and musical matters, and happens to be a conjurer himself, even discusses with this journeyman brother the details of the trade as though it were he who was learning.

All the time the little bell tinkles. But the first audience is the last. No one comes in of the village people—doubtless, they have seen his performance—and the respectable people remain in the uncomfortable *salle à manger* and read their orthodox books.

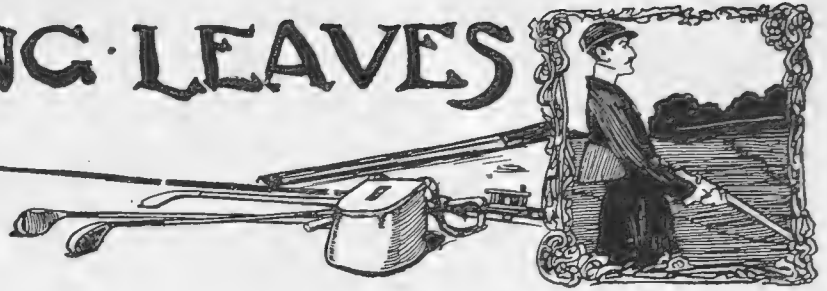


Drawn by John Hassall.



SPORTING LEAVES

FROM: THE
DIARY: OF:
AN: ACTIVE
AUTUMN



III.—A GROUSE DRIVE.

HALF-PAST SEVEN in the morning. The door of the brake has been shut upon the last man to jump up; he stayed to take an extra cup of coffee, and that made him half-a-minute late, to the great disgust of everybody. Now we are off, rattling down the lane at a fine pace, turning sharply into the high-road. Guns and



cartridge-cases are at the end of the brake, dogs are under the seat, the horses have had all the corn they wanted for breakfast, and we are off to the moors for the first drive of the season. It is a fine ride, through most varied lowland country, and then up the gradual hillside, where the corn and root-crop fields come slowly to an end, and we reach the region of the sun-dew, the bilberry, the bell-heather, and the ling. A little desolate to the Southern eye the vast expanse of rolling moor that greets us as the horses draw up at the lonely house on the hillside where the little army of beaters is waiting for final instructions; but there is small time to do more than give a casual glance at it. Guns, cartridges, and dogs require attention, and then we draw lots for the butts, and I come into a fair amount of chaff for drawing the far-side number and letting myself in for nearly half-a-mile's extra walk. However, I am glad enough to take it, and we move off in one direction while the beaters go off in another.

Seven of us start, and the numbers diminish steadily until I leave my last companion in number six and walk alone. Once in the butt, I put a little pile of cartridges on the ledge and settle down to wait, for the birds will not be over for ten minutes or a quarter-of-an-hour. There is a profound silence; the summer birds, the songsters, have already left for the lower lands, and, so far as the eye can see, the moorland is desolate. The butts to the left of me show no sign of life; the men are well concealed; and I seem to be sole tenant of the place. Ten minutes pass, a whaup cries in the far distance, and then I see green plover rising a long way in front of me, and know the grouse will soon be on the move. Very faint on the wind comes the sound of a whistle; the sound is repeated, and, straining my ears, I can catch the familiar "Mark, mark!" that must stir the most sluggish blood in the world. Almost immediately, I see one covey, two coveys, coming rapidly along, making their way in my direction; then, as I grip my gun and look through the hedge at them, ready to rise, they swerve and pass over between my nearest neighbours, some hundred and fifty yards away. More birds are speeding down and spreading out in the same direction; I hear the crack of the guns, but cannot turn to see what is happening, for my own turn is coming soon. "Mark, mark!" cry the beaters, nearer now, though yet out of sight, and a grand covey sweeps down, well

within range, going hard, helped by the wind, but supremely unconscious that the butts they have known so long and found so harmless are tenanted at last.

There is no doubt about these birds—they are fully grown and strong on the wing. They are passing, covey upon covey, over a breadth of some six or seven hundred yards, nearly all within range of some of the butts. The white flags are in sight now; the last bird has passed, racing down the wind; the retrievers are at work.

We all move one butt down for the return drive, and, as my place brings me back to number one, I pass right down the line of fire and see the result of the drive. It is excellent; most of the men are very good shots and the birds are properly taken—struck once never to rise again, not winged or maimed to linger on the moors and spoil our pleasure by reason of their pain. Then, again, the retrievers are thoroughly well trained and can find birds that lie dead amid the ling and heather, though the keenest human eye might overlook them, so wonderfully does Nature endow the red grouse with protective colouring.

By the time the butt is reached there is nobody in sight; the sense of desolation has returned, silence has taken possession of the moor again. One waits eagerly for the return flights, heralded once again by the calling of the plover, and coming with startling suddenness. This time the flight is varied slightly by the direction of the wind, and there are some slanting shots that put the marksmen to the test, for it is necessary to draw well in front of the birds, always a difficult thing to do. To fire at a bird instead of in front of it is to miss by the greater part of a yard, and there is no time for hesitation, for the pace is great.

The guns group once more and we tramp together for a mile or more across the moorland, surprising a solitary pair of snipe, that are added to the bag. Then we cross the railway, with its grouse-protectors hanging from the telegraph-wires, and reach another set of butts, that are duly lined. Another double drive, and we seek the house and lunch, proceeding thence to a low-ground covert that is beaten for rabbits with very satisfactory results, an unexpected hare and some wood-pigeons coming to the assistance of the bag. After that, we have the last drive of the day on the edge of the moor—an affair associated in my memory with fast-flying birds, hard-shouting beaters, industrious retrievers, general excitement, and scorching gun-barrels.

"Weel, weel," says our host, whose shooting has been wonderfully accurate, "it's no been a bad day, except for the pair burds."

S. L. BENSUSAN.





BRITTANY

FOR

BRITONS.

Written by

 RALPH MAUDE.

Illustrated by

JAMES GREIG.



III.—DINARD.

IF one were to inquire of the average visitor to Dinard the name of the department in which that town is situated, he would probably plead ignorance; and, were you to supply the information yourself, he would in all probability be much surprised to learn that the town belonged to the romantic land of Brittany. The fact is that,



with the exception of a shop or two professing to sell Breton carvings, Breton china, or Breton embroidery, there is nothing Breton about Dinard at all. Locally and for the purposes of advertisement they call it "La Reine des Plages de la Côte d'Emeraude," which it really is; it is also Piccadilly, Rue St. Honoré, and Fifth-Avenue-on-Sea—one of the brightest, gayest, most go-ahead of the French bathing-places. Dinard despises her neighbours, looks down upon their quiet, laughs at their modest attractions. She would have no old walls, narrow streets, and quaint superstitions. She revels in brand-new bricks and mortar, in glittering hotels, gorgeous Casinos, and the uniform of the omnipresent Tzigane. She is dressed by Paquin and fed by the disciples of Joseph. She bathes in silken hose and burrows deep in her jewel-box of an evening. She is a medley of rich food, rare wine, baccarat, scent, fans, *risqué* plays, and Hungarian music. The value of money she ignores, it being only for about six weeks in the year that she comes to real life. The rest she spends, chrysalis-like, in preparation for her butterfly "season."

Dinard is very Anglo-Saxon. The Boer War and even Fashoda ruffled her equanimity only because they kept *perfidie Albion* away from her. She is, indeed, far too light-hearted for politics, too gay for racial animosity. Only the other day, she even went so far as to indulge in a concert of English music. She has no prejudice against the English tongue, *non plus*. Eagerly does she assure you that tea is always ready, that you can be "schampooed," and that the *Daily Telegraph* is on sale. She displays the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes side by side with the Tricolor, and regards a full Southampton boat as the sweetest sight in all the world. In fact, it was only when Dinard feared that the English had deserted her that she said unkind things about them. Now that they have returned in fuller force than ever, she clasps them in a tender if a rather expensive embrace.

Life in Dinard is really very delightful if you have money. At eleven you take your bathe, after that incomparable manner that France has made her own; at twelve you stroll leisurely to the English Club, take a glance at your national paper with a sherry-and-bitters; and at half-past twelve you lunch. Coffee discussed, you can take your choice of tennis, golf, sailing, driving, or lounging in one or other of the Casinos to the melodious strains of a scarlet-and-gold-coated band. By five or six o'clock, if the untiring little horses have not got hold of you, a game of billiards may attract you, after which you must dress for dinner. Dinner over, for some the best fun of the day begins. Dances, plays, concerts, and baccarat—all are provided, and you need never seek your bed until the day has threatened appearance.

Dinard herself has never been gayer, brighter, or more thoroughly

irresponsible than during this summer season of 1902. For the first time in her merry little life she boasts two Casinos and an hotel that deserves the prefix Palace, though, so far, it is only called Royal. And, happily for Dinard, the two Casinos have not, as yet, succeeded in cutting each other's throats; for, while the one is more theatrically attractive, the other boasts the better ball-room, so that both are well patronised. As for the hotels, they are crammed, and the pensions threaten to burst from over-pressure. Dinard is echoing with the chink of gold, the rustle of silk, and the wail of the violin, which always seems to me to be in perpetual harmony with the swish-swish of the sea on the sandy shore.

Dinard is the one place on the emerald coast of Brittany from which none save enthusiastic *chauffeurs* make excursions. True, the *chauffeurs* are many in number and the streets are often hideous with the toot-toot of the horn and the panting of the restless Panhard. But the lovers of the motor represent only a small proportion of Dinard visitors; besides, goggled and muffled and hurried as they are, they can scarce come under the heading of excursionists, broad though the term may be. No, you do not go to Dinard to visit the country that lies beyond her. She is far too self-contained to allow you to wander beyond her boundaries. She enmeshes you in her tennis-nets, chains you to her baccarat-tables, or lures you into the sea that laps her green sides. And so full of charm is she that you would be ungallant indeed to desert her save for the briefest of hours. Possibly you may be tempted to take boat up the Rance to Dinan or to cross to St. Malo by the ferry. But at this temporary desertion Dinard can afford to smile, for she knows full well that you will want to dine with her and that you must dress soon after six of the clock. Dinard, indeed, is the more indulgent mistress in that she has complete confidence in her perpetual charm.

I wonder whether in any other corner of Europe you will find huddled close together more varied attractions than in this little strip of Brittany which vainly I have tried to describe? St. Malo, the busy port, the place of passage; Dinard, the brilliant *plage*; Dinan, the



THE
BRILLIANT PLAGE

sleepy, old-world market-town—the one almost as close to the other as Richmond is to Piccadilly Circus, and each as typical as one could desire. Commerce, pleasure, and repose side by side; extravagance and complete economy within half-an-hour of one another. If that be not Brittany for Britons, I have misjudged the national character.

THE MUSICAL DIRECTORS OF LONDON. I.-IV.*

(See "Key-Notes.")



MR. WALTER SLAUGHTER, OF THE VAUDEVILLE.



MR. MEREDITH BALL, OF THE AVENUE.



MR. EDWARD JONES, OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S.



MR. NORMAN BATH, OF HIS MAJESTY'S.

* The numerical arrangement of this series has no professional significance.—ED.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has made a slight change in the title of the new book which he has both written and illustrated. It is now to be called "Just So Stories for Children."

Messrs. Macmillan will publish this autumn Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel, "Cecilia, the last of the Vestals," a story of modern Rome.

There is something so fascinating in the story of the life of Edgar Allan Poe that I always read with the greatest interest any new details which the years bring to light. Mr. Crane, who was for eighteen months Poe's office-boy, has recently given an account of his experiences while in the employ of the *Broadway Journal*, of which Poe was Editor. He says that Poe was the "gentlest, truest, tenderest, and knightliest" man he ever knew, his "boyish idol, just as his memory is the pride and glory" of his declining years. According to Mr. Crane, Poe was a quiet man about the office, but was uniformly kind and courteous to everyone, and with congenial company he would grow cheerful, and even playful. The poet came to the office at nine in the morning and stayed until three or four in the afternoon, working during that time steadily and methodically. Poe was a gentleman in every sense of the word; he was honest, generous, kind, and true, and, although he tried to drown his sorrows in the cup, he could never have been anything but a gentle, tender, lovable man, a thousand times to be pitied, but never to be condemned. Mr. Crane does not agree with Poe's biographers that the poet sold the manuscript of his "Raven" for ten dollars to buy medicine and food for his wife, because Poe came into the office of the *Broadway Journal* one day in winter with the actor Murdock, and called all the employés to his desk to hear the great elocutionist read his first poem, and in the next issue of the *Journal* "The Raven" was given the place of honour.

There is nothing more pitiable than rivalry in letters, and I thought it was generally admitted that America was to have the monopoly in the literary infant phenomenon, the young lady whose remarkable productions are heralded thus—

Messrs. Singer and Co. have in press a novel called "The Cutting of the Teeth," by Alyce Ysabelle Yphygenya Jones. The novel is strictly and wonderfully original in that it is written entirely in words of one syllable. Miss Jones, who is but six years of age, tells us that she has never been beyond the walls of the nursery except in her carriage, and that her knowledge of mankind has been gained entirely through deep introspection. The novel, as may be gathered from its title, deals with the suffering incidental to the first entrance into the strenuous life, and is remarkable for its fidelity to truth and wealth of detail. No less than eighteen different sensations peculiar to the subject are described, and no one who recalls the emotion of the period of life with which the romance deals can fail to recognise the veracity of the accounts. The book is somewhat daring in its treatment of the problems presented, and will doubtless create much adverse criticism because of its freedom of speech. Eight hundred and thirty-two thousand copies, however, have already been ordered, and every fast press in New York has been pressed into service to supply the demand which is foreseen.

But now it appears that Paris is anxious to introduce a rival to this essentially New World baby of genius. For it appears that the international record for precocity is held by Mlle. Carmen d'Assilva, a girl of ten, who has written seven plays, five novels, and a volume of poems, and who is said, I am sorry to say, to converse "with a mature and cynical wit." If this kind of thing shows signs of spreading, some system of compulsory inoculation will have to be introduced, if only for the sake of those of mature age who are struggling for a living literary wage.

The English translation of Gabriele d'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini," by Mr. Arthur Symons, is announced for early publication.

On both sides of the Atlantic a somewhat bitter campaign is being waged against the puff preliminary. In America they are trying to kill it by sarcasm. Here is the latest parody from the *Baltimore Sun*—

The literary methods of Mr. Loseton Chapelmount, whose novel, "The Climax," still maintains first place in the list of the books given away as prize packages, are noteworthy. When at work, Mr. Chapelmount invariably breathes through his nose, and very deeply; this, he believes, aids the inspiration of the moment. He frequently leaves his desk and stands on his head in a corner of the room for a few minutes; this custom, he holds, causes his ideas, which are of immense weight, to settle to the surface of his brain, whence they may more readily be transferred to paper.

Professor Trent, of Columbia University, has just completed a History of American Literature which promises to be the standard book on the subject.

Messrs. Longmans will publish this autumn a new story for children, by Edna Lyall, to be entitled "The Burges Letters."

M. Paul du Chaillu has written a new travel-book, which he calls "King Mombo," a record of his personal experiences in the African forest. "King Mombo" is an African monarch whom M. du Chaillu met in his explorations, and he describes the old ruler and his people, their customs, their superstitions. The book is primarily intended for children.

Mr. Robert W. Chambers, the author of "Cardigan," is to be represented this autumn by a new novel, entitled "The Maid-at-Arms," a romance of American life in 1778. O. O.

TWO NEW NOVELS.

"HIGH POLICY."

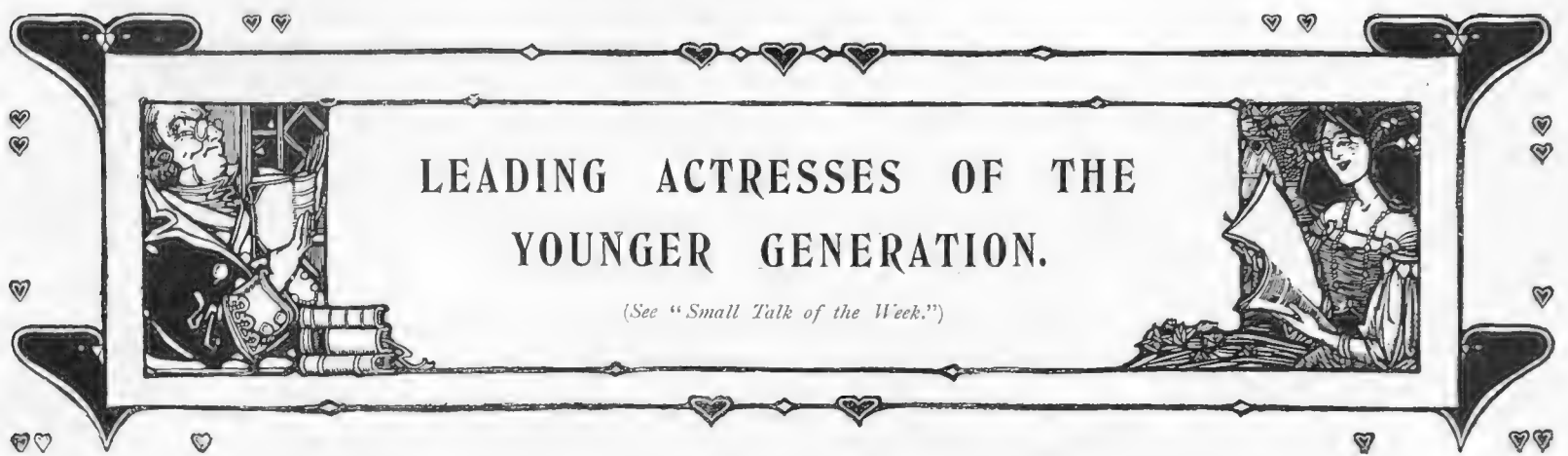
By C. F. KEARY.
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

On reading Mr. Keary's latest novel, the thought is not to be suppressed that he is wandering seriously out of his depths. "Il ne connaît pas son monde." If the book set out to be a parody, of course, it would be another matter; but one is inclined to think that Mr. Keary wishes us to take his travesty of the manners and customs of the society he describes as a true picture. In a short notice it is quite impossible to give the many incongruities which occur to one, but some of them are too obvious to need pointing out. A few of the passages are needlessly coarse, others are frankly of the penny novelette; for instance, "Ah! to feel them [the hands] imprisoning one's own was almost to faint with happiness." It is difficult, also, to forgive such expressions as an "enthusiasm of loveness." Mr. Austin Herbert-follett, a rising young politician, has married a charming wife, who, one may say *en passant*, seems to be endowed with far more brains than is her rival, yet he seeks inspiration and the necessary spur to his ambition in a beautiful Irish girl of twenty-seven, Cynthia Beresford, of whose remarkable ingenuousness the reader is continually being persuaded. So simple is Cynthia that when Herbert-follett, weary of the "inspiration" scheme, thinks it safe to show his hand and becomes rather more of a lover than an ardent patriot, she still succeeds in giving his caresses a political significance, and asks herself why should a kiss "given for England our mother, given as holily as the kiss of peace at the end of the old ritual of the Church, make any difference." The story flickers out without any *dénouement*, for a meeting between Herbert-follett and Cynthia at an inn, whither she has hastened at his request (still in the interests of the nation!), and which is interrupted by the well-timed advent of an angry brother, can scarcely be termed a conclusion worthy of three hundred pages of preparation. Lady Angela Kingsdown and Jeffcock the millionaire are the most convincing of the subsidiary characters, some of whom appear but for a brief space and have nothing to do with the action of the story. Despite these criticisms, the book shows a certain cleverness—the same talent which underlay one or two of Mr. Keary's previous works—but this renders it only the more annoying that he should have been content to give us "High Policy."

"THE PURPLE OF THE ORIENT."

By LUCAS CLEEVE.
(John Long. 6s.)

Lucas Cleeve (otherwise Mrs. Kingscote) dedicates this last novel of hers—it is a somewhat high-pitched religious romance, whose hero is Daniel the prophet—"to the Jews of the whole world, in the hope that it may sometimes bring to their remembrance the fact that . . . the first presentment of the living Christ . . . was made to a Jew, and recorded and preserved to us by a Jew more than five hundred years before the Christian year." From such a dedication as this it is natural to look for an ambitious book, and so "The Purple of the Orient" turns out to be. While there is much that is interesting, and a good deal that is genuinely beautiful, in the work, its special character takes it out of the category of the ordinary novel and makes improper any criticism of it proceeding on the usual lines. The life of Daniel, as recorded in Holy Writ, is full of astonishingly dramatic situations and scenes, but one must be pardoned if one thinks that the Biblical presentment of them is, perhaps, best left untouched—it is hard to imagine anything more superb in their unforced simplicity than the Scriptural records themselves. At the same time, while one says this, one does not deny that Lucas Cleeve's romance has many points worthy of high commendation, though, perhaps, they are scarcely such as to commend themselves or the book "to the Jews of the whole world."



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT.

Photographed for "The Sketch."

LEADING ACTRESSES OF THE
YOUNGER GENERATION.



MISS LILY BRAYTON.

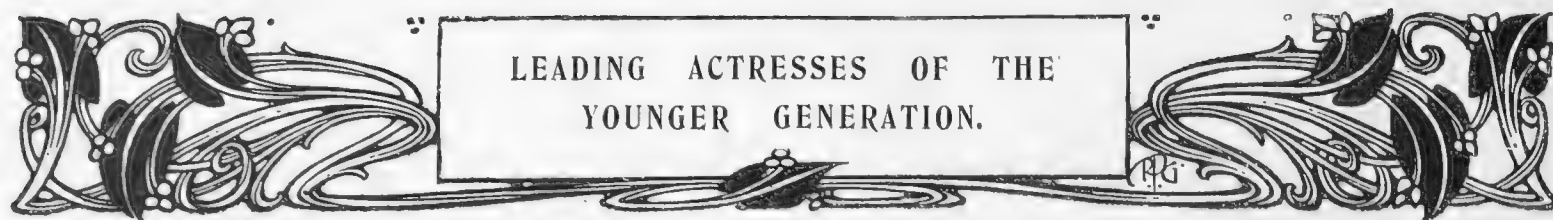
Photographed for "The Sketch."

LEADING ACTRESSES OF THE
YOUNGER GENERATION.



MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

Photographed for "The Sketch."



MISS ADA WEBSTER.

Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.

THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

"WORLD PICTURES."

MUCH of the fascination of a roving artist's life is to be gleaned from Mr. Mortimer Menpes's "World Pictures" (A. and C. Black, 20s.), for here we have recorded by pen, pencil, and brush the impressions that he has received from many quaint and charming scenes in various parts of the world. Mr. Menpes is not one of those painters who absorb themselves in a certain locality and make it their own. Every year he is away on a new quest. Japan and Mexico, India and Palestine, are only a few of the places that have been included in his peregrinations, whose range, in fact, has extended to four continents. An artist's point of view is necessarily different from that of the ordinary traveller, and thus in these notes there will be found none of the usual observations on commerce, politics, and the like that can be classed as valuable information—only reflections of life and colour, character and costume, and of the social customs which commend themselves to the eye that seeks the picturesque.

The text is written in a bright and gossipy way, and the title-page tells us that it is by Dorothy Menpes, but it is a statement that leads to a certain amount of bewilderment. We can quite understand that Miss Menpes may be speaking in such a passage as this—

It was about the time of the commencement of the War in the Transvaal that I visited Holland, and, from the rumours we had heard of the intense hatred of the Dutch for Englishmen, I quite expected to be badly treated. As it happened, it was entirely the reverse. I never met with more charming and delightful people in my life, and wherever I went I was treated with the greatest courtesy and kindness. Only once did we suffer any trouble or any inconvenience whatever, and that was in Volendam with a little Dutch boy, who followed us all over the village, shouting, "De English berry bad, de English berry bad!" He looked so sweet in his old-fashioned costume and with baby face, as he walked backwards, repeating the one English phrase he knew, that I couldn't help loving him, in spite of his bad opinion of us; and when, after a time, he stumbled and fell backwards over a log of wood, I rushed forward with genuine sorrow and commiseration. As I picked him up and set him on his feet once more, he looked up in my face, laughed, and said, "De English berry good," and then ran shyly away.

It is different, however, when we come to the following account of an alarming incident which occurred near Naples—

A whining Neapolitan pestered us with requests that we should taste his orange liqueur and buy a bottle, only one bottle. This made us cross, for we were very hot, and neither I nor my daughter drink wine. Moreover, the man was blocking our view. To get rid of him we attempted to climb a wall by the side of a well. I got over safely; but, in attempting some more graceful and acrobatic feat, my daughter missed her footing and fell headlong into the well below.

On rising to the surface, she clung like grim death to a small piece of mossy stone projecting from the side of the well, and I, above her, waited in agony of mind, scared and shivering, until ropes and ladders were lowered and she half walked and was half pulled up. The most excited person of all was the wine-merchant, who leant over her, his face deadly white with patches of green, pouring pints of his precious orange liqueur down her throat, gratis.

The real explanation, one surmises, is that Miss Menpes wrote the book, but at her father's dictation. He seems to have provided the matter, and she to have elaborated the manner. But, engaging as the text undoubtedly is, the pictorial work forms the staple matter of the

volume. Never was a book more profusely illustrated. Dainty little drawings insinuate themselves into the text, one or two on nearly every page, forming decorative arrangements above, below, in the corners and in the midst of the printed matter. These small sketches, representing typical scenes and people, are very delicately treated, with much economy of line. They are, of course, greatly reduced from the originals, but they seem to have lost nothing by diminution, and are full of life and suggestion; fine architecture, impressive scenery, pretty faces, and strange types of humanity being all deftly expressed in these minute designs. There are also many plates showing the artist's records in colour, wash, crayon, and pencil of the places he has visited. The colour-printing seems to me to show a distinct advance on what we are accustomed to see in book illustration, and this is doubtless to be accounted for by the careful supervision of the artist—without which, indeed, chromotypography can never be entirely satisfactory. There are nuances that can be reached only by a highly trained eye, and then there is to be avoided the muddiness that so frequently results from the superimposition of



BRETON PEASANT.

Reproduced by permission from "World Pictures." (A. and C. Black.)

colour, especially in the shadow tones. These are difficulties that have been to a great extent overcome in the present work, and the coloured illustrations have the further distinction that they indicate the medium employed, so that, on the whole, they may be regarded as fairly close representations of the originals. Some of them, especially those portraying Eastern scenes, are very brilliant. "Watching a Boat-race, Burmah"—a group of children and others, with many-hued garments and umbrellas—is particularly sunny, and by way of contrast may be noted the quietly rendered and atmospheric tones of "On the Seine, France." The full-page illustrations include various characteristic figures, among which the "Breton Peasant" and the little Dutch girl, "At Volendam, Holland," are particularly striking and successful. Mr. Menpes and his daughter are to be congratulated on the book, which is one that cannot fail to afford artistic enjoyment as well as pleasant entertainment.—A. G.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF LONDON.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.



VIII.—THE CITY YOUTH SHOWS HIS COUNTRY COUSINS ROUND THE TOWN.

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The King found the task rather more troublesome than he expected, and at times was almost tempted to hand it over to Osmond to finish, but it interested him and he persevered.

The play was written and in rehearsal; the papers were in a ferment of patriotic anticipation: one or two of low class suggested that it might be wiser, before becoming enthusiastic, to wait and see the result, but they were pounced upon savagely as directly inciting foreign nations to invade the country. The best actresses and actors were engaged, at magnificent salaries, to be paid out of the receipts; the Royal Arms were painted up all over the theatre—when suddenly the King had an idea.

For some time before he had been despairing of marrying his elder daughter to a foreign Prince, and he had begun to realise that something ought to be done about the younger one. Sophia must be got out of the way.

The idea was good, in that it killed two birds with one stone: it would solve a family difficulty and confer at the same time a great honour upon art. His position with regard to foreign Powers would be strengthened by matrimonial ties, and at home his throne would be more securely rooted in the hearts of his people.

So he summoned all the dramatic critics by Royal Command to his Council Chamber, on pain of instant death in case of disobedience.

He always inserted the "instant death" clause in his commands: it ensured punctuality.

They all came at the appointed time (indeed, a few minutes before) except one. As that one did not answer to his name, the King inquired where he was, and was informed that he had died suddenly on receiving the Royal summons. It was suggested that this indicated only an excessive zeal in the fulfilment of the Royal wish, in view of the "instant death" clause, but the King brushed aside the quibble and confiscated the man's property for gross contempt.

This preliminary business over and everybody being in a cheerful frame of mind, the King announced his intentions in a short but effective speech. His Majesty began by a brief allusion to his zeal for the advancement of art (respectful applause), and stated that, as they probably knew, he had to that end written a play (loud and prolonged cheers). He expected them all to be present on the night of its production (some cheers) on pain of instant death (much coughing). He was glad they understood. He meant to lay before them incitements to good work on that evening (a hum of eager anticipation); the critiques would all be brought to him next morning: the man who, in his opinion, wrote the worst one—he did not define what was meant by worst; he would leave that to their own intelligences—that man would receive a Public Execution (awkward silence), while the man who wrote the best one (here his glance fell with meaning upon Osmond) would be married at once to his elder daughter, the Princess Sophia. That would do; they might go.

It will be seen at once that this placed the critics in a difficult position—particularly Osmond. With the others, it would be a frantic struggle to attain a respectable mediocrity; but *he*—he had promised, by a vow he could not break, to do his best, and could not be mediocre if he tried.

The meeting broke up in confusion.

Osmond spent all the time between this and the date of production (which was only two days off) in thinking furiously and groaning.

He could find no opportunity of meeting Callista, and, in any case, she appeared lost to him for ever. Nor was he quite sure what advice she would give him if he did consult her. He could write the best notice with ease—he could not, by any means, be one of the intermediate group; but he certainly could deliver a savage attack which the King would regard as the worst. What if Callista advised him to

adopt the latter course? She was a dear girl, but only a woman, after all. The Royal executions were picturesque, but he looked forward to the prospect with distaste.

But the alternative—

He groaned again, and left it in the hands of Fate.

The great evening arrived. The theatre was packed with an enthusiastic audience, for the press-gangs had been at work all day; the Royal Arms glistened in the electric-light on every side; the manager and the players were nervously awaiting the rise of the curtain; the King entered the Royal Box in State with the Queen and the two Princesses, and, having handed his crown to the attendant, sat down and began to tick off in a pocket-book the names of the critics, who sat all in the front row of the stalls, wreathed in courtly smiles.

The audience cheered respectfully, and the troops who guarded the exits saluted with an ominous clash of arms.

Of the play, it may be said that the scenery was magnificent, the dialogue was such as only a very powerful King with a well-disciplined army could write, and the plot was Osmond's. There

was no doubt about its reception, and the King bowed his acknowledgments while keeping a threatening eye upon the critics.

When the King had bowed three times the doors were unbarred and the audience allowed to go.

Osmond had twice during the performance caught the eye of the Princess Callista.

She sat far back in the box, well behind the King. This was wise, as he might have asked her why on earth she was crying during the most exquisitely humorous passages.

But Osmond saw the tears and with difficulty restrained himself from rushing away in a frenzy of rage.

He had determined to wait until the award was announced, and then shoot himself in either event. Callista could only weep.

The feelings of Sophia did not matter, and it did not occur to anybody to trouble his head about them. This was the way in which



"Speak!" cried the King. "We have found an honest journalist. Name your own reward."

"WHAT OSMOND WROTE."

she had been accustomed to be treated all her life. This time, however, she meant to revolt. She knew the Editor of the paper, an evening paper of high reputation, for which Osmond wrote.

She also knew that Callista and Osmond were in the habit of meeting secretly, and had long been waiting for a convenient opportunity of revealing that fact to the King. The only thing that had deterred her was her conviction that, as soon as the King heard of it, Osmond would lose his head. That was the last thing she wanted, for she too was madly, though not so romantically, in love with Osmond. And now her time had come.

She had gone to the play full of hope and confidence. There was no question but that the first prize would go to him. As the evening went on she grew doubtful, and at the end of it she had a terrible fear that he would write the truth heroically and die a martyr in the cause of dramatic art.

When she got home, she hurried to her chamber with her mind made up. She sat down and wrote an enthusiastic account of the new play. She was clever with her pen, and had written at one time a novel which she had not dared to produce, being only a Princess, so she was not unaccustomed to the work and did it rather well. She pointed out the skill with which an old plot had been adapted to new purposes, and compared it favourably with the productions of the great authors who had the advantage of being dead. She said it broke fresh ground and flashed upon an admiring world with the brilliance of a new star, and put all the efforts of the present feeble generation to shame. This kind of thing went on for about two thousand words, and she ended with a few rude remarks about the inability of the performers to convey adequately the meaning of the King, and two verses of the National Anthem.

She then wrote a brief note to the Editor, commanding him to insert this, with Osmond's signature, in place of anything he might write, and sent it off by one of her confidential servants to the office of the paper.

The next day, a summons went out for a great assembly of the nation, and all the critics were placed under arrest to ensure their attendance. The sale of the newspapers was enormous, and fortunes were staked upon the result of the competition. The odds were heavily in favour of Osmond's article, which, for loyal and patriotic adulation, was unequalled, but it was impossible to guess whose would be considered the worst. Nowhere in any of the notices was there a suggestion that the play was anything but a remarkably brilliant performance. At the appointed time the Great Council Chamber was thronged with an expectant crowd. The great Officers of State were grouped around the throne, the most prominent figures being the Archbishop on one side and the Chief Executioner on the other. The critics were placed under a strong guard in the middle of the hall, where they stood in various attitudes of dejection, many of them unshaved and all of them vowing to abandon journalism.

The trumpets resounded and a hush fell on the multitude.

The King entered with the Queen and the two Princesses, followed by the Chief Secretary of State carrying a pile of Press-cuttings. His Majesty looked rather exhausted; this was not surprising, for he had read them all.

Sophia seemed cheerful, but Callista gazed mournfully upon the ground. Once she lifted her eyes and they met Osmond's in one last, long, hopeless look. She turned away to hide a tear, saw the Archbishop, and shuddered. The time was fast approaching when the two victims would be dragged, shrieking, to their respective altars.

The trumpets brayed again and the heralds called for silence.

The King spoke.

"Last night," he said, "there was produced a play which we wrote. You all know the terms which we imposed upon the critics of that play. We said the writer of the best notice should marry our elder daughter—"

Here the trumpets burst forth exultantly.

"And the worst should have the honour of a Public Execution." He looked round savagely. A shudder ran visibly along the line of critics. Osmond alone stood firm and proud. "We have read all the notices," the King went on, "and we find that our play is universally hailed as a work of genius."

The trumpets again rang out, and the assembly roared applause.

"We saw the play ourselves; we have seen many plays, and we came, without hesitation, to the conclusion that we had never seen such a preposterous exhibition of drivelling incompetence in all our life."

One trumpeter went off with a loud blast all by himself, and stopped with a gurgle in the middle, much scared. The audience was aghast.

"We have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that, in its loathsome adulation and gross insincerity, the worst article was one written by a person"—all held their breath, and two women fainted—"by a person named Osmond. Executioner, seize him!"

With a wild shriek, Sophia fell on her knees before the King.

"He didn't do it—he didn't do it!" she moaned. "Oh, spare him!"

"Didn't do what?" said the King.

"Write that article," she replied, wringing her hands.

"Read that!" said the King to Osmond, handing him a newspaper.

"Didn't you write that?"

Osmond took it, looked at it with a puzzled air, and handed it back. He shook his head.

"You didn't write it?" bellowed the King.

"If I had written that, Sire, I would cheerfully be burnt alive."

"Then who did?" he roared.

Sophia shivered and fell on her face.

"Sire," she sobbed, "it was I!"

"Great Heavens! Why?"

She dared not confess the real reason.

"I—I thought that, as you—as you—had tried to write a play—I—might try to write a criticism!"

"Humph!" said the King; "and we are both about equally successful in our respective lines. But"—and he turned to Osmond—"this doesn't settle anything. What did you write?"

"I do not know where it is, Sire; I sent it to the Editor."

A portly man was seen making his way through the crowd to the door.

"Produce the Editor," said the King.

The portly man began frantically elbowing people out of the way. This looked so suspicious that a soldier seized him. Curiously enough, it happened to be the very Editor in question.

"Well?" said the King, sternly; but the Editor made no answer.

"Is this true?" said the King.

"If it please your Majesty," gasped the Editor, "I received a command from the Princess which I could not disobey."

"Then it is hers! Where is the stuff this man wrote?"

The Editor produced a parcel from his pocket.

The King seized it, with a terrible frown, and turned to his daughter.

"Now, Madam," he said, "what have you to say for yourself?"

The unhappy Princess moaned.

"You know the penalty we appointed for the writer of the worst critique?"

She moaned again.

"You are not only guilty of that offence; you have conspired with this man"—and he pointed to the Editor—"to suppress the work of the leading critic of this country. You knew, Madam, that he would write the best notice and so win your hand; and, in your ignoble pride, you used contemptible artifices to avoid the marriage."

"No, no!" she protested, tearfully. How he had mistaken her!

"There is no other construction to be put upon your conduct."

"But I—"

"Silence!" said the King. "We will not order your execution, but we will punish your pride, and your punishment is this—you will marry this Editor with whom you have conspired!"

She wildly clutched at her forehead and was lifted up gently by the Ladies in Waiting.

"And you," continued the King to the Editor, who was supported by three soldiers, "your punishment is that from henceforth you employ no other dramatic critic but your wife."

"Ruined!" groaned the Editor.

"Marry them!" said the King, abruptly.

The Archbishop being ready, this was done rapidly and firmly, and all the critics standing in a row visibly cheered up.

"Now," said the King, "we must decide upon the best."

All eyes were fixed with anxiety upon the King's face, which frowned ominously. There was still the danger of an execution, after all. Osmond alone stood calm and impassive, facing his fate like a hero.

The King's mouth twitched at the corners, and the whole multitude gasped; the King's mouth spread out into a smile, and a sigh of relief went up to the roof, and in a few more seconds the King was rolling about on his throne consumed by uncontrollable laughter.

"Magnificent!" he cried, when he had found his voice. Then he turned to the Editor. "We remit the more serious part of your sentence as a reward for having prevented this from becoming public. You may continue to employ the author of this as your critic." The Editor bowed, much relieved. "Yes," said the King, "this is excellent, excellent, but we are glad it was not made public. Stand forward, Sir Osmond."

Osmond dropped on one knee and was made a literary Baronet on the spot.

Callista blushed with joy.

"Speak!" cried the King. "We have found an honest journalist. Name your own reward."

"I am prepared to accept the nearest approach to the fulfilment of your Majesty's original promise."

"Our promise!" said the King.

"Your Majesty promised the hand of your daughter."

"Our elder daughter," said the King, looking puzzled. He had forgotten all about that when he married Sophia in such a hurry. "That is impossible."

"I will not bind your Majesty to the strict terms of the compact."

"We are obliged to you," the King graciously replied.

"Any daughter will do," said Osmond.

"This," said the King, drawing Callista forward, "is all we have."

"I am content," said Osmond.

"Very well," replied the King. Then he turned to the Archbishop, "Marry them."

This was done, amid much cheering and blowing of trumpets.

And thus it was that the public never knew what Osmond wrote.

This alone was clear: he had broken his vow to the Princess Callista. But she forgave him, and, whenever the King felt dull, he read that article in secret and his spirits were restored.

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HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



POSTPONEMENTS, so numerous during the last theatrical season, are already beginning to become somewhat rife in the season just started. As we are going to press there is a likelihood of the production at the Comedy of Mr. Victor Widnell's play, "Secret and Confidential" (originally called "A Woman of Impulse"), which had to be suddenly postponed from last Thursday. Another

postponement suddenly arranged a few days ago was that of "Elizabeth, Queen of England," which Miss Nance O'Neil was to have produced at the Adelphi last Monday (the 15th inst.). This play, however, will, I find, really be given there to-morrow (Thursday) evening, when, according to managerial authority, the handsome Miss O'Neil will positively put on the self-same jewels that were worn in this play by the first representative of the name-part in the original play by Giacometti—namely, the great Madame Ristori.

Yet another postponement is that of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's production of Mr. Hall Caine's new drama, "The Eternal City." This has long been managerially announced for pre-

sentation at His Majesty's on the 27th inst. Now, however, Mr. Tree has selected Oct. 2 as the date for submitting this most gorgeous production to the public.

In the meantime, two very important productions are, at the moment of writing, due to-night (Wednesday) and to-morrow. These are, respectively, Dr. J. M. Barrie's old-time comedy, "Quality Street," at the reconstructed and re-decorated Vaudeville, and Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new drama, which is still entitled "The Best of Friends," at Drury Lane. Many details concerning the respective plots of these important plays have, from time to time, been given in *The Sketch*.

With regard to Old Drury's new drama, I might, perhaps, add that, as was long ago mentioned here, there will be an acrobatic accident to the heroine in the first Act; and that, as I now learn, there will be a dastardly attempt to kill the said heroine in the last Act. As in the first Act, this much-persecuted but, of course, unsuspecting heroine will be found still pursuing her arduous and risky profession as a gymnast in a travelling circus. Inasmuch as the guileless girl is really the heiress to a family name of much magnitude (with estates to match), you will not be surprised at this final attempt upon her life, an attempt which—

But why foreshadow results? Enough that this dastardly and really thrilling episode is worked by the principal male villain, set on by the ditto female ditto. The heroine and the male and female conspirators are respectively impersonated by Miss Maude Danks, Mr. Sidney Howard, and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh. The play has two heroes—hero No. 1 to be played by Mr. Reeves-Smith, and hero No. 2 by Mr. Tearle, of the celebrated touring Tearle Shaksperian family.

Another startling incident in "The Best of Friends" is, I may confide to you, one wherein the lady proprietor of a certain circus "holds up" a batch of bold but by no means bad Boers by threatening to "blow them up" with gunpowder. This ubiquitous modern Mrs. Jarley will be enacted by Mrs. John Wood, who tells me that (to quote an old "professional" locution), she "feels happy in the part."

Touching other new plays imminent, I may here allude to Mr. Legge's new romantic drama, "For Sword or Song," to be produced by Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry at Newcastle to-morrow night (prior to a big London production), and Mr. Gilbert Dayle's new comedy, called "What Would a Gentleman Do?" This

play Mr. Tom B. Davis will (according to present arrangements) submit at the Apollo next Saturday night. It may, perhaps, be mentioned that this play was tried in the provinces some time ago under the name of "The Gentleman from Australia."

Per contra, it should be stated that "The Little French Milliner" will be withdrawn from the Avenue next Saturday night.

Mr. Cosmo Stuart (part-adaptor of "The Little French Milliner") tells me that, apart from the adaptation of "Ma Cousine," which he still holds for his brilliant wife, Miss Marie Tempest, he has secured for that lady the rights for the next eighteen months of all the late T. W. Robertson's chief comedies, such as "Ours," "Play," "School," and "Caste."

The air is charged not so much with what Mr. Gilbert's Vicar in "The Sorcerer" called "amatory numbers" as with theatrical surprises. Following hard upon the discovery that Mr. Charles Hawtrey the actor has a brother Charles who is not an actor, and that it was the latter, and not the former, who went in for matrimony a few days ago, came sundry "revelations" as to certain nobly born playwrights. One of these is, it appears, Lord Halsbury's son, Lord Tiverton, who, according to sundry reports, "stands confessed" (as the old writers were wont to say) as being the "Mr. Oliver Bath" who wrote "Naughty Nancy," now being played at the Savoy. Another is no other than the Duchess of Sutherland, who is rumoured to be "engaged on a play" which "a famous American actress" is to produce at a West-End theatre. It is pretty well known that the Earl of Rosslyn, who acts under the name of "Mr. James Erskine," has for some time yearned to come out as a dramatist, even as he, some time back, "commenced author," and, doubtless, "there are others," as the song says.

It was a clever move on the part of Messrs. Murray King and Clark to engage Miss Mabel Love to play Miss Ellaline Terriss's rôle in "Sweet and Twenty" on tour. Not only is Miss Mabel Love well known by name all over the country, but she also possesses those qualities of sweetness and beauty which are essential for a part of this kind. The Company is strong all round, and drew crowded houses to the Grand, Fulham, last week. Mr. Charles Crawford deserves a special word of praise for his manly and convincing performance as Douglas, the part played by Seymour Hicks at the Vaudeville.



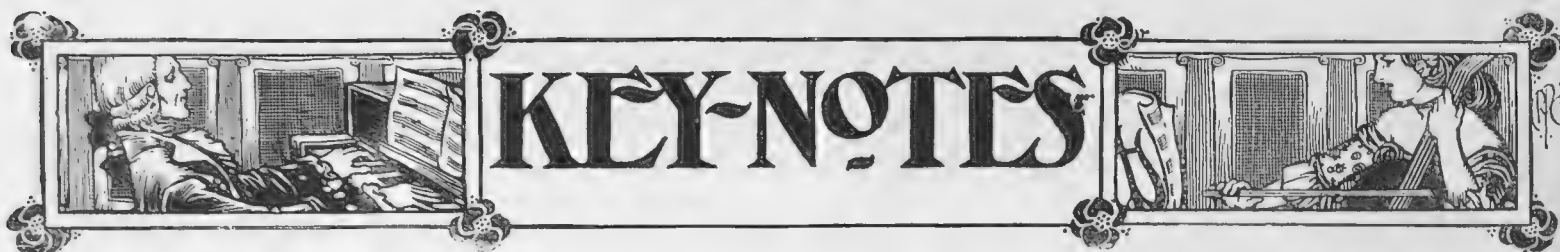
LATEST PHOTO OF MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

By Lafayette, London and Dublin.



MISS LYDIA FLOPP IN "THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MR. JOSEPH O'MARA is a singer who, whatever may be the call upon his powers, gives his best to the fulfilment of all situations. He possesses two distinct qualities, vocal refinement and dramatic feeling. It is a rare combination of gifts; and it is certain that, emotionally, he has the Celtic temperament very highly developed. Moreover, his emotion is always controlled by sense; he always sings with a meaning, and he rarely makes a mistake. Mr. O'Mara definitely ranks among the intelligent singers of the time.



MR. JOSEPH O'MARA.

Photograph by Guy and Co., Limerick.

cast the bread of music upon the waters, so that, later, it may be given up to London again. Worcester this year is the home of Festival in the West; and, on the whole, it has done right royally by tradition and by ancient reputation. The best thing of the week was, undoubtedly, the interpretation of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius." This is a work of really transcendent genius. The composer is a man of most remarkable technical ability; but he is more—he is a man whose inspiration is of the deepest and sincerest character; he writes out of a wealth of feeling, out of an abundance of inspiration, that have assuredly no counterpart among modern English composers. Elgar, in a word, is in his way a man who is destined to something which may be described as an European reputation.

The performance of the work was good at Worcester. There was some little controversy concerning the engagement of the tenor; but

That Madame Patti should possess a house at Stockholm is one of those things which almost belong to the exemplary legends concerning the great ones in vocal art. Patti will surely remain a wonder in all musical history. She has accomplished amazing things; she has astonished the world by doing those amazing things; and yet, at the bottom of it all, she has paid a respect to her art which is really quite rare. But a residence in Stockholm should rank almost among "Modern Myths."

Cathedral towns are wonderful institutions. They drone away for something like three years, and then they suddenly awake into life and

the fact remains that Mr. John Coates really sang quite admirably. He had one unfortunate moment, but it was scarcely of great importance, and he worked as hard as man might to ensure genuine success. Mr. Plunket Greene and Mr. Gregory Hast were in excellent form, and the chorus was in good trim.

The burning matter of these Festivals rests chiefly with the chorus. It is to the members of the choir that the burthen of things is entrusted, and it is naturally on that account of singular importance to note their doings and to mark their achievement. The chorus, then, on this occasion, sang extremely well during the first part of the



RESIDENCE OF MADAME ADELINA PATTI, NEAR STOCKHOLM.

Photograph by the Rev. Y. L. Thomas, M.A., F.R.G.S.

business; towards the end, the strain appeared to be somewhat excessive—and, indeed, the composer has not spared his interpreters in any respect. It was wonderful enough that they endured so long.

"Common Chord" may make a record of the fact that certain Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory visited Worcester to hear the musical setting of the work of their Father and Founder, Cardinal Newman. They must have been peculiarly disgusted by reason of the fact that a portion of his libretto was changed, that (for doctrinal reasons) alterations were made, and that omissions were permitted, which meant nothing more or less than an expression of narrow-mindedness and of an utter want of sympathy with the work in hand. Oh, these clerical dispensers of thought! Some are so broad, so right in their feeling, and some are so much the reverse.

The Musical Director of a London theatre is a man who does a great deal of responsible work and gets very little credit for it—at any rate, so far as the public is concerned. The Editor of *The Sketch*, however, whose one ambition in life is to champion the cause of the deserving modest, has caused photographs to be taken of as many of the Musical Directors as cared to sit, and presents four of them, in characteristic attitudes, on page 349 of this issue. Mr. Walter Slaughter, Mr. Meredith Ball, Mr. Edward Jones, and Mr. Norman Bath are four able men and genuine hard-workers. They are all known as composers, too, both Mr. Slaughter and Mr. Jones having musical comedies from their pens on tour at the present time.—COMMON CHORD.



MR. GREGORY HAST (TENOR).



MR. PLUNKET GREENE (BASS).

THE THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL AT WORCESTER.

Photographs by Barrand, Oxford Street, W

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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE season at Ostend is dying hard, for, though mondaines of the first flight have betaken themselves to château and manor-house several weeks since, the announcement that those dear green tables are soon to be closed has given a far-and-wide impetus to the sporting fraternity, and a curiosity to see the last counter played at this famous rendezvous of nations has caused an abnormal influx for this time of year. What Ostend will be without its tables, who can forecast? And what is to become of all the smart hotels that front the cheerful Digue, or the redoubtable and ruinous *couturières* that annually flock from Brussels, Monte, and the Rue de la Paix when there are no elated gamblers to scatter the results of an occasional lucky coup? A fortunate punter has brought home a charming little *demi-saison* gown bought from Leutherie on the strength of a successful afternoon at the tables. It is a silk foulard in light tobacco-brown ornamented with a pattern of the palest blue silk cord over *écru* guipure insertion mounted on palest green silk. The collar—an elaborate three-cornered affair—and ceinture are further embellished with cords and tassels put on in the most original way—as, indeed, they well might be, seeing the frock cost a thousand francs. But who regards vile dress as represented by so many counters when luck comes the right way? When it does not—well, there are, for the majority, no dresses from Leutherie or *confrères* of that costly ilk.

One cannot get much authoritative news just yet as to what will be worn this winter, for the heads of those great French houses from which new modes emanate do not discount their *demi-saison* effects until the time is ripe for their surprises and revelations. So, beyond a

The former will be lavishly used on cloak and costume by those who can afford it. But its price! Tell it not in Gath! Proclaim it not to the husbands in Ascalon! Velvet panne and velvet of Lyons are two forthcoming materials for winter wear. That has been already laid



[Copyright.]

A SMART DESIGN FOR GREY VOILE AND VELVET.

few general hints from fountains of fashion, the subject of coming clothes is sealed for the next few weeks.

October generally sheds light on our dark ways, however, and Madame Mode begins to reveal her shapely self and secrets with the coming of short days. One hears affrighting rumours of the prices to which valuable furs will go—chiefly sables and ermine, of course.



[Copyright.]

A PRETTY AFTERNOON-DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY-HOUSE.

down, and a ukase of comfort and becomingness it certainly is. Velvet suits all styles of beauty, except, perhaps, the extremely fluffy and fair-haired type; but the rare, pale Margarets of existence are extremely glorified thereby, and, as for the aforesaid blonde and tousled specimen of the feminine genus, it has many inexpensive compensations. A twist of tulle, a deftly placed rose, and there you are. The dark and dignified damozel demands a more expensive setting, and in the lustrous sheen of a velvet gown her beauty is fitly accompanied.

Lady Dudley, whose dark beauty is of quite an Eastern type, will come as a revelation of modernity to the old-time, conservative Dubliners. She has always been deeply interested in the womenkind of the "Submerged Tenth," and has frequently used her charming voice, which was trained by Tosti, to brighten dark evenings in the East-End. Her mother, when Mrs. Gurney, successfully managed Mrs. Isaacson's shop in Regent Street, and, with Lady Granville Gordon, was one of the first amateurs who took to trade. Now, of course, we are all shop-keepers, and whilom tradesfolk are county families. So much for the comedy of convocation known as Modern Society. Lady Dudley was chiefly brought up by Adeline, Duchess of Bedford. Her mother married Colonel Stracey, and lived for years at a pretty little place at Ascot, called Rayscourt, which was at one time famous for its week-ends, the King, when Prince of Wales, being a frequent visitor.

When consulting a master-mind some weeks ago in Paris as to the general effect of present fashions on the female form divine, I was surprised, though not altogether convinced, by his dictum that the present mode more nearly expresses æsthetic perfection than any in

the history of clothes. "But why?" I asked. "We are not in the least bit distinctive now." "It is precisely for that reason," quoth the oracle. "Your waists are normal, your frocks follow your outlines. There exist neither 'bustles' to exaggerate the outline behind, nor



FOOTBALL SHIELD PRESENTED TO
THE ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.

sleeves to enlarge your shoulders above. Symmetry is not disturbed by inflated panniers at the hips, nor the landscape blotted out by cart-wheel hats. It is because dress, while gaining in elaboration, is more reserved in outline that it now nearly reaches its millennium." I pondered the prophet's words in my heart, but still remained entirely unconverted. Can anyone say now that picture-hats were not becoming—however aggravating—or that panniers did not idealise the small waist of the Watteau period, or that Louis heels do not apparently arch the instep, or that widely puffed shoulders did not sound the last note of becomingness? *They did*, and a dozen other *démodé* contrivances to boot, which will all

recur, no doubt, in their season, for nothing is more inevitable than the reappearance of old fashions, nor, it may be added, is anything more desirable when proved and passed in the crucial test of suitability.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

EMELIA (Liverpool).—If your figure is a slight one, the straight-fronted corset is not necessary, its original idea being to reduce the appearance of rotundity. I advise the "Samothrace" from the Corset Company in Bond Street, if you go in for ready-made corsets. They are very comfortable and well-shaped.

SYBIL.

TWO FINE REGIMENTAL TROPHIES.

The handsome shield illustrated on this page has been presented to the 1st Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers for the Inter-Company Football Competition. In memory of Major George A. Keef, it has been given by his widow, and bears the inscription, "Presented to the 1st Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers, for the benefit of the Non-Commissioned Officers and Men, for whose welfare both as soldiers and as men he gave his best in thought, word, and deed during twenty-five years' service in the regiment, from September 1875 to his death in Feb. 1901."

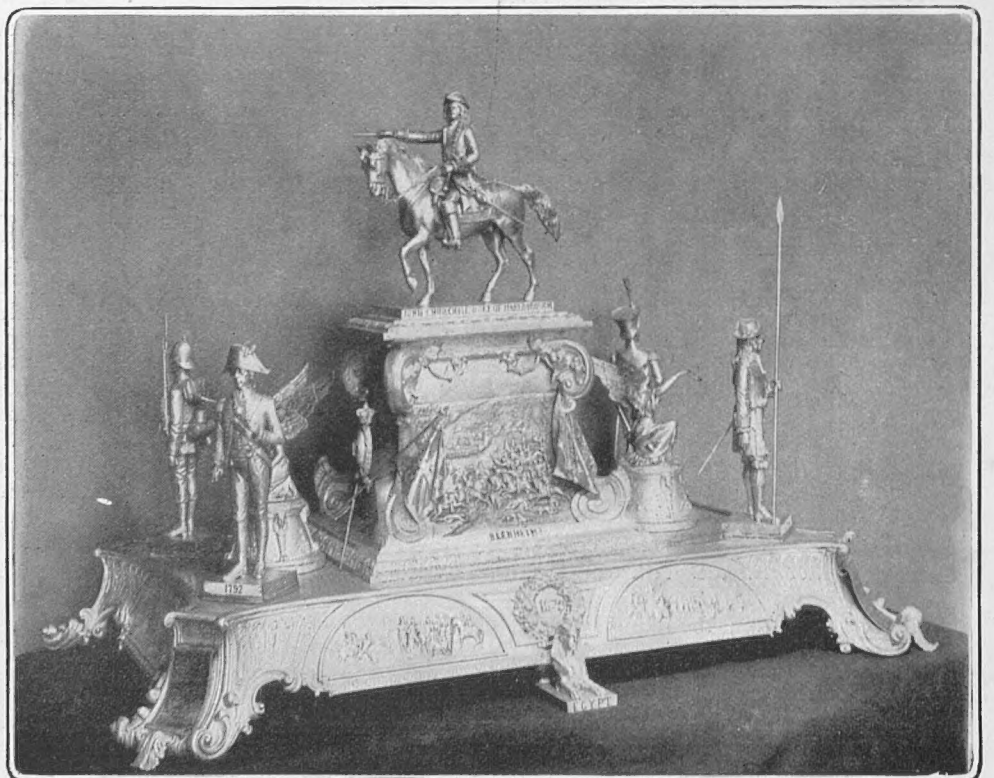
The magnificent centre-piece also illustrated is modelled in sterling silver. Upon a raised, richly ornamented pedestal stands an exquisitely modelled equestrian statuette of the great Duke of Marlborough, Colonel of the 24th Regiment in 1702. The principal panel of the pedestal, executed in bas-relief, depicts the Battle of Blenheim, the reverse being occupied by a similar panel representing Chillianwallah. Flanking the base of the pedestal are the Regimental and Queen's Colours respectively, supported upon either side by the old and new badges of the regiment. Figures emblematic of Victory and Fame rest upon richly ornamental plinths, right and left of the pedestal. The central group and pedestal are, in turn, supported upon a massive plateau of planished silver resting upon richly carved feet, with central supports formed by the Sphinx (the badge granted to the 24th Regiment in 1802), surmounted by wreaths, replicas of the silver wreath, with the date 1879, borne round the staff of the Queen's Colour, to commemorate the devotion of Lieutenants Melville and Coghill in their heroic efforts to save that Colour on Jan. 22, 1879, also the noble defence (while commanded by Lieutenant Chard, of the Royal Engineers) of Rorke's Drift. This wreath was introduced in consequence of Her Majesty having been graciously pleased to decorate the Queen's Colour of the regiment with a wreath. Semicircular panels in bas-relief, depicting four of the principal battles in which the regiment have taken part, fill the intervening spaces of the frieze, obverse and converse. Flanking the whole are four accurately modelled statuettes, standing upon dwarf pedestals at either corner, depicting the uniforms of the regiment at different periods of its existence. The honours of the regiment are handsomely engraved upon four silver scrolls at the feet of the four figures. Both these fine trophies were designed and modelled by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street, London, W., and Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

NOTES FROM BERLIN.

THE Emperor William by his recent visit to Posen has supplied the world with one more proof of his superiority to petty alarms. The enthusiastic reception accorded to him by the German population—a reception that was not marred by any counter demonstrations by the "arrogant" Poles—must have convinced His Majesty that he had acted rightly in despising the admonitions of innumerable anonymous letter-writers who had professed acquaintance with various conspirators selected to assassinate the German Sovereign should he venture within the walls of the Capital of Polish Prussia. The visit of the Emperor was effected in circumstances vastly different from the simplicity of his first appearance in Posen, a month or two after his accession. Then he arrived on foot, without a single attendant, at five o'clock in the morning, before one of the outlying forts, and commanded the sentry who accosted him to sound the alarm. Within ten minutes the entire garrison of some ten thousand men was astir. On the present occasion the city was occupied by forty thousand troops and a host of detectives.

The Poles had acted with great wisdom in remaining for the most part within doors. So quiet were they that uninitiated visitors left the city with the firm conviction that there is no Polish question. As a matter of fact, beneath the outward ebullition of German joy a tense struggle was and is still proceeding between two races. Of social intercourse between Poles and Germans there is now none. If in the past the Poles refused to trade with Germans, they are suffering a cruel punishment. Not a penny of the vast sums spent in the administration of the province flows into Polish hands. When an officer arrives at a garrison in Prussian Poland, he is at once presented with a list of German shopkeepers of whom he may make his purchases, and also with a list of Polish shopkeepers bearing German names with whom he is prohibited to trade. Hemmed in between the German boycott and the Russian frontier with its heavy duties, little wonder that the Pole complains of bad times. A policy of "pin-pricks" appears to have been adopted on principle by the German administrators. A Pole living abroad, for instance, may address his letters to "Posen, Allemagne," but if he ventures to employ the word "Poznan," instead of "Posen," his letter is immediately despatched to a "Translation Bureau" and detained for three days, in order that huge official German stamps may be affixed to the envelope explaining the address in German.

By the way, it is amusing to note that for three days the entire population of Posen lived in the illusion that Lord Roberts was an honoured guest in their midst. A Master of the Stables with a broad-brimmed hat, tanned face, and brilliantly red uniform had been mistaken everywhere for the British Field-Marshal. Earl Roberts, with the other British Generals, did not, of course, arrive in Germany until after the Posen festivities. It was not a warm welcome that the populace of Berlin and Frankfort accorded him. Some of the newspapers politely referred to him as the "Boer-eater," and informed their readers that "it"—namely, the riband of the Black Eagle—did not harmonise with the colour of his Lordship's uniform. Needless to say, these childish reminiscences of the sentiments aroused in Germany by the War were not reflected in the reception accorded to the British deputation by the German Army. The Emperor himself is an outspoken admirer of the British Field-Marshal. "Isn't he splendid?" enthusiastically observed His Majesty to an Englishman immediately after the capture of Bloemfontein.



A BEAUTIFUL CENTRE-PIECE FOR THE SOUTH WALES BORDERERS.

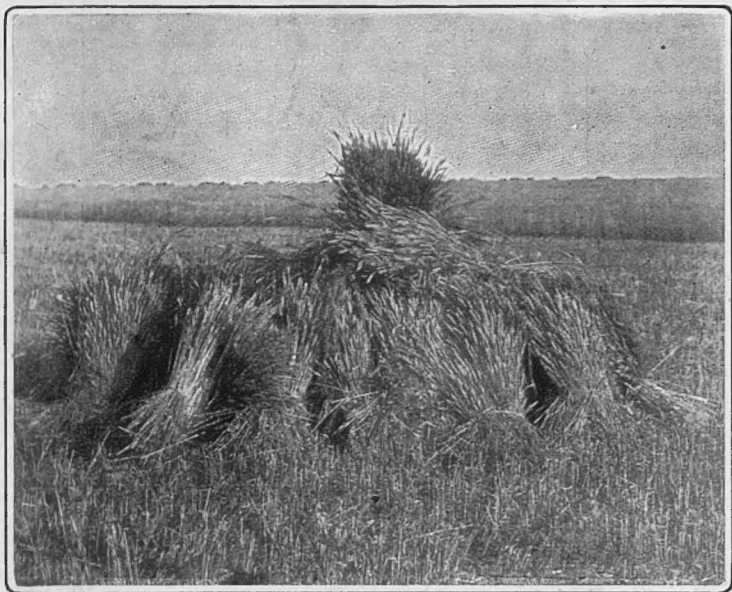
CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 24.

AUTUMNAL MARKETS.

HOLIDAY-MAKERS are now trooping back to town in their thousands, but their presence fails to reanimate markets.

Dearth of orders is still characterised as the chief feature in the Stock Exchange, and it would be difficult to point to any one department and say it was really busy. Home Railways have at length cast off some of their depression and have come in for a certain



CANADA'S BUMPER HARVEST: WHEAT-SHEAVES.

amount of friendly attention from the provinces. Yankees became seized with a fit of depression at the end of last week, and their dulness has formed an excuse for lowering Canadian stocks. The Canadian Pacific goes on its way of splendid traffics; both this Company and the Grand Trunk are constantly creating new records either in receipts or in the market quotations for their stocks. Harvesting in Canada is now in full swing, and our illustrations give some slight idea of the prolific way in which Britain's Granary raises her products. In the Mining sections the want of business is almost more pronounced than anywhere else, but Rhodesians are coming again to the front, and it looks as though activity may come in this department before it appears in the South African Gold Share Market.

CONSOLS AND THEIR COURSE.

With more than ordinary interest the Stock Exchange awaits the opening of its sister House at Westminster next month, for upon the meeting of Parliament hangs the announcement concerning the new Transvaal Loan. As the House of Commons does not meet until the middle of October, there is still plenty of time for rumour-mongers to manufacture fresh fables as to the probable amount of the issue and the price at which the stock will be offered to the public. Absurd though it appears to say so, the price of Consols depends to a great extent upon the nature of these reports, and, although excellent reasons can be adduced in favour of the idea that no new Loan will be issued until the winter, the nervous state of the market and the existence of the big bull account taken together are factors which give the circulators of bear rumours a decided advantage. But, from the look of the market at present, we are inclined to think that the price of Consols has gravelled, and it would want very little buying to lift the quotation to 95 again, which would give the stale bulls a fresh chance to eliminate their Coronation holdings. For until these are disposed of there can be no great recovery in Consols.

ARGENTINE ANIMATION.

As offering a fair field for the employment of capital at good rates of interest, the Argentine Bond Market has been frequently commented upon in these columns. It is always difficult to get at the truth, and nothing but the truth, in regard to matters South American, and at the present time the obstacles and contradictions presented to the searcher after veracity in Argentine affairs are worse than ever. Official statements emphatically deny allegations brought forward by those who, even if they lean towards pessimism, can generally be depended upon for level-headed views. Whatever discord there may be in the realm of Argentine finance, Nature has certainly come to the rescue of the country at a critical time, and the holders of Argentine loans are, perhaps, amongst the very few who are not indulging in diatribes against the weather. For the rain that is enriching Australia and saving large parts of India from the near approach of more famine horrors is also falling in La Plata, which means the saving of the harvest, prosperity to the railways, and gain to the Republic's coffers. In dealing with Argentine bonds and in suggesting them as useful investments of their kind, we have ever pointed out the

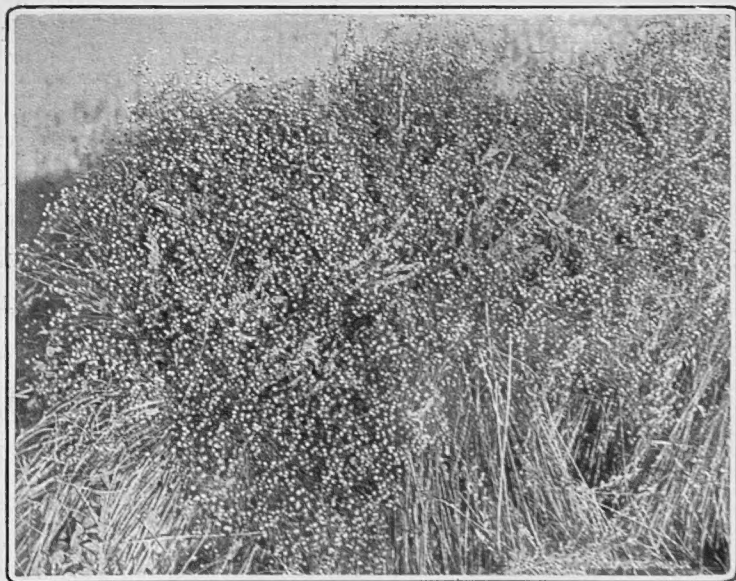
risk which attaches to the obtaining of high interest rates, and, subject to this latter limitation, we maintain our good opinion of the market. Before long should come the re-opening of the English markets to the importation of Argentine cattle, after having been closed for about two years by reason of the foot-and-mouth disease, and the impulse which this coming step must give to the country's trade it is difficult to overestimate.

YANKEES AND THE MONEY MENACE.

Notwithstanding the strained position of the Yankee Railway Market, a seat on the Wall Street Stock Exchange changed hands the other day at the record figure of 81,000 dollars, or about £16,200, which looks as though our cousins across the pond had no fear of the markets falling to pieces yet awhile. But the monetary situation in New York is far from pleasant, and day-to-day money commands anything between 10 and 20 per cent., while the Governmental suggestion that the banks should exercise their privilege of issuing more notes is not receiving that amount of support which had been expected. Half-a-dozen of the world's financial centres are at work upon prospectuses of new Loans, and, although the United States is not amongst those who must have recourse to borrowing of this description, the country as a whole requires an immense sum to enable the crop-carrying to be financed. Besides this, the railway magnates are brimming over with new schemes, for all of which cash, and plenty of it, will be wanted. The Railroads are raising money at a rate which must make the English Railway Boards gasp to think about, and on all sides of America rises the persistent, emphatic cry for gold. That it will be satisfied, who can doubt? But in the meantime the position must react upon Yankee Railroad shares, and the trembling of the market which began some days ago may prove the commencement of that *débâcle* which seems bound to overtake Americans sooner or later. We candidly confess that we should hesitate to advise anyone to go a bear of the shares even now, though prices in many cases look ridiculously high. Yet it is just as risky to buy Yankees on a reaction, because, when once the latter fairly starts, it will take more than a few millionaires to stop it. The Money Market to a great extent controls the situation in Wall Street.

THE OUTLOOK FOR NELSONS.

As one of the sensations of the year, the rise in James Nelson shares has attracted an immense amount of attention, and the remarkable dividends now carried by the Ordinary and Second Preference are enough to gladden the heart of any proprietor. On the Ordinary an interim dividend at the rate of 30 per cent. per annum has been declared, and the Second Preference will receive a distribution at the rate of 27 per cent. per annum. The peculiar privileges enjoyed by these latter shares have been so fully discussed of late that it seems supererogatory to go over the same details again, but it may be mentioned that the mathematical relations of the Ordinary and the Second Preference work out to about six shillings per share in favour of the former, and this relation has been roughly maintained since the advance in the Company's shares commenced. Of course, the declaration of such high rates of *interim* dividend gives rise to a reasonable expectancy of something even better when the year's results come to be divided, and the hope that this expectation will be realised is likely to keep alive the speculation in the shares. While it may fairly be argued that the prices are now standing as high as they intrinsically deserve to, we are quite prepared to see them put better before the next half-year's dividend is declared, and not until that time draws near would it appear prudent to sell. The Company is passing through times of phenomenal prosperity. Its frozen-meat trade in the Argentine has received a quite unexpected fillip through the operations of the American Beef Trust, and as the drought in Australia has also played into the Company's hands, James Nelson and Sons have been getting a magnificent profit on their meat. The continuance of high



THE HARVEST IN CANADA: FLAX.

prices is, however, a matter of grave uncertainty, and before long the profits will probably return to a more normal level. In this nutshell lies the whole problem of the outlook for Nelson shares.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The *Daily Telegraph* has missed a chance. Here have we been pining for its usual Silly Subject for the Silly Season, and it has cruelly deserted us; left us to pine away, when all the while the wisecracks of Fleet Street might have been filling their columns with letters upon "What Shall We Do With Our Stockbrokers?"—a subject of burning moment to Capel Court and of immense importance to the community at large. Harrowing narratives might have been cited of the unfortunate member of the House doomed to take a 'bus instead of the usual hansom; pitiful pictures painted of the crowd of jobbers lunching upon bath-buns and glasses of water at the A.B.C.; of jobbers fighting for gallery-seats at the music-halls and brokers drowning their cares in chemical beer instead of "old tawny." And all through the lack of business! Verily, these journalists have no eye for the picturesque, no pity for the unhappy thousands struggling against a fate remorseless as the markets, no helping-hand to extend towards any but the darlings of the popular hour. I believe I could run a newspaper better than several sub-editors that might be mentioned, and I have no doubt whatever that most of my readers are of the same opinion—as regards their own capacities, I mean.

But to turn from the ridiculous to the sublime spectacle of men fiercely fighting the wolf that ravens at their door—(This phrase is quite original)—the lack of business is really becoming a matter of serious import to many jobbers, in the Kaffir Circus particularly. The market is full of young fellows who have been promoted from office-work in order to deal in the House, and their remuneration depends to no small extent upon the "turns" which they make in jobbing. Without much capital, and depending almost entirely upon what they make in the market, such a time as these present months comes as a sore trial to their patience and their finances. Forbidden by the laws of the Stock Exchange to sweep a crossing after hours or to sell newspapers before starting House work, they are indeed in evil plight, and, unless business improves very shortly, it seems practically certain that there will be resignations before long.

Business, however, shows no especial sign of waking up. By fits and starts the Kaffir Market gives an occasional indication that it is not quite dead yet, but the immediate outlook for a boom is about as dark as the nigger whose skin was so black that tar made a white mark on it. I should be very sorry to advise people to sell their Kaffir shares in these days of deadly quietude; but, all the same, we shall probably see prices slightly lower before the pronounced recovery sets in which we are all pretty well agreed is bound to come in the end. With the Government doing its best to aid the mining industry, the fact remains that there are a host of things arrayed on the other side, and, until at least a semblance of normal conditions becomes restored at Johannesburg, I really don't see how the settlement of the labour question can be effectually made. Moreover, the offer of piece-work terms, while it is a step in the right direction, does not go far enough, and the mine-managers will have to make further, fairer concessions before ever they can hope to attract anything like the amount of boys which are wanted. If I were a native of the Transvaal instead of Turnham Green, I'd be Stellenbosched before I would work in their dirty mines for half the money they paid me prior to the outbreak of the War, and having (I speak as a native of the Transvaal) four or five wives who keep me in all the comfort I require, I put up with their jarring discords in preference to doing any work myself. But if they were to tax my hut and my wives—the Barbarians!—perhaps then I might have to turn out and do something for the privilege of belonging to the glorious Empire of His Britannic Majesty.

As an excellent investment of practically gilt-edged caste, perhaps some of my beloved breth—I mean readers—will be glad to have the Union-Castle 4 per cent. Debenture stock brought to their notice. The price stands about 105, and, as to security, there can be no suspicions, no possible doubt whatever. Good 4 per cent. investments are none too easily found, even in these days, but those on the look-out for this kind of thing will find that the Telegraph Market offers them a good field for exploitation. By judiciously mixing a quartette, or, say, half-a-dozen, of the Telegraph Debenture issues, a return of the round 4 per cent. can be obtained, and Signor Marconi himself is hardly likely to question the safety of the stocks in question. It is remarkable how similar securities have been mopped up in the Electricity Supply list, and the demand seems to be spreading into the Telegraph Market.

The fearful record of Alpine accidents during the current season sends the thoughts of older Stock Exchange men back five-and-twenty years, when the House lost two of its members in Switzerland. In one case, a well-known broker started from his hotel with a friend for a walk. They were not going up a mountain: it was no more than the ordinary daily excursion which passes much of the time so pleasantly in William Tell's country. But neither man ever returned from that walk. Where they went or how they disappeared nobody knows to this day, and the secret of their vanishing will in all human probability never be solved. The other incident dates further back still, and occurred soon after the first fatal ascent of the Matterhorn, when Lord Francis Douglas and three of his companions fell four thousand feet. A Houseman, mountain-climbing, lost his footing and fell over a rocky ledge far into the snow beneath. Long search was made for the body, but not until years afterwards was it recovered. When found, the body was in perfect preservation, thanks to the wonderful properties of that keen atmosphere and to the way in which the fall took place. Of ardent mountaineers and fearless climbers the Stock Exchange contains a large proportion, and in this exceptional year of Alpine fatalities the House has escaped scathless, so far as bad accidents are concerned.

To sell Home Railway stocks at their present depressed level requires a large amount of courage, but that it is the best course to pursue is freely stated by those who are in a good position to judge. If I held the stocks, I should, however, stick to them for a while, the market apparently having turned. Whether the harder tone will last, it is, however, very difficult to say, and the impenetrability of the market's near future is too dense to be pierced by the poor powers of prophecy possessed by

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Sept. 13, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

H. R. C.—We have answered your first letter by post, and have to thank you for the second.

C. A. R.—Océanas are not a bad holding and may easily go to 2½ in time. National Explosives can only be considered speculative, but, if you don't mind the risk, you will probably get a profit later on if you buy now.

TIDDLER.—With so many rumours of Tobacco Combines in the air, we think you might keep your Hill shares for the present.

COTSWOLD.—We should certainly advise you to keep the Great Central 1876 Preference, which will probably get a dividend at the end of the year. The term "Convertible" as applied to this stock has for some time past ceased to have any meaning, as the option to convert has expired.

A. R.—Your letter has been answered by post.

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